TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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Poetry.

For the Blade.

NO MORE.

BY NETTIE PATTERSON.

When this high pulse throbs in vain to speak with you,
Whose silence answered it in words divine before
With whispers low those soft breathing lips I view
No more.

For e'en and dumb their dead wisdom's living speech
To my dull ear, their still anxious listener for
And its craving spirit's famished heart for thee beneath
No more.

Thou precious, wise, kind, one so loved, so dear to me,
Whose choicest thoughts, instructed minds untaught love
With golden lessons, gone from earth return with thee
No more.

I shall in grief above thy coffin view the marble brow,
Without the spirit's hue or glow of warmth and hope of yore,
And mourn that heart its life's departed smile and grace,
No more.

O, babyon shade—Love's peaceful willow of the soul,
Whose bow branches shield thee with the sweet leaves I store,
For thou beneath them shall be laid at my request,
No more.

With her sad look when mine eye was on the west,
I saw the sun but not the joy that set the eve half rest,
And left its gaze on thy bright face should sweetly rest,
No more.

Yet in green memory there walks a stainless hand,
And lays its white form down on my bosom's cover,
It is the spirit of thee in heaven with whose blessed heart I am
No more.

Among thy other friends no eager one like me
So listened to thy voice—so loved its golden tone,
But they are treasures gone to return from earth with thee
No more.

The bird still may carry the high note up in the tree,
The stream down in the valley the lowest music pour,
But no leaves combining link the soul with song to thee
No more.

On earth her tender harpstring breaks to bring again
Thy heart to beat back from death's cold, pulseless shore,
Whose life's warm love-waves splash along this weary main,
No more.

Say gentle spirit, sigh thy soft heart for me above,
As now in grief on earth for thee is sad and sore,
Or thinkest thou of me in realm of high and lofty love
No more?

Of my acquaintance with thee, few hands can hold the key,
Or wake this creaking music, unlock that secret door,
Where Lily voice shall softly enter with a step of love to me
No more.

Fate made a lonely wanderer where with that love I met,
And blessed the hand in heaven who lifted thee to love,
Where I shall grieve to view life's sun of wisdom set
No more.

Thou wast a lovely stranger drooping sadly like the tree
That breaks above the slumber where death I did explore,
When I chose for thee a grave whose willow sighs with me
No more.

Or waves in thought a mournful branch above the tomb
Asleep in green memory down on its bosom's cover,
Where white love shall rest, when with its dead heart I am
No more.

And when all is over this dark somber gulf between
Life's barren desert and this death's cold pulseless shore,
Where heaven in light shines with love's lamps unseen
No more.

Then I shall say good bye to thee, oh love, thou dear lost one,
Hope shall meet thee on those joyous wings of yore,
Where from this heart thy life's swift feet away shall run
No more.

For the Blade.

IN THE FORGOTTEN DRAWER.

ERNEST BROSS.

Memento of the distant years,
Laid by with too great care;
And this, which last of all appears,—
A lock of dark brown hair.

Ah, bright they come before me now,
That youthful face and that dear brow
Whereon this lock lay fair;
The home upon the prairie wide,
Where oft we walked at twilight tide.

A kind fate ruled the rapid hour
When she the ringlet gave,
And from Decay's wide wasting power
Its brightness sought to save.
For with its sister locks of hair
It does not droop in darkness there
Deep in that prairie grave,
Where now beneath this midnight sky
Those deep'ning snows are drifted high.

The places of the loved and lost
Such relics cannot fill;
A vision of the Summer crossed,
But Winter reigneth still.
And yet, dear girl, this tress of thine
Shall wield a power all but divine;
I own the tender thrill
With which I now recall thy youth,
Thy gentleness and love and truth.

O, if again that presence came
With inspirations rife,
Twould light with a serener flame
My solitary life.
Yet dead she speaks, and shall impart
To my uncertain, wayward heart
Strength for the world's fell strife.
Still I shall travel gain from loss,
Oft may the Summer's vision cross!

Omaha, Neb.

Our Story Teller.

Written Expressly for the Blade.

COURT AND CAMP;

OR

"The Days of "Good Queen Anne."

BY ERNEST WARREN.

Author of "Throne and Scaffold," etc.

CHAPTER III.

A GOOD MORNING'S WORK.

Henry St. John, the close ally of Robert Harley, to whom indeed he was indebted for his political advancement, occupied a suite of rooms in one of the largest houses in St. Jame's Place, and there transacted his State business, confided to him as one of the departmental secretaries.

The wild life of libertinage and debauchery led by St. John, previous to taking office in the Tory Government, it was generally believed, would have but ill fitted him for the routine of official business, but no sooner had he, at Harley's earnest entreaty, allowed himself to be nominated for the important post he filled, than the strong will, which he had hitherto mostly used in the service of his pleasures, was brought into use to subject his body to the more regular habits and more cleanly life of one of Her Majesty's Ministers.

It was hardly to expected that St. John would in a moment surrender all those pleasures and dissapations in which he had hitherto delighted; it was hardly to be imagined that from a loose liver and an avowed libertine, he should turn by the wave of the Queen's scepter to a prim, straight-laced statesman with no thought but for his country; should exchange the intrigues with the ladies of the Court which had formed his chief amusement, for intrigues with envoys and embassadors; and turn his pen from the writing of *billet doux* and sonnets to the inditing of ponderous dispatches and the framing of cumbrous Acts of Parliament.

St. John faithfully performed the duties entrusted to him, bringing all his marvelous mental power, all his well-known skill in phraseology, all his eloquence as a speaker, and his wisdom as a debater, to the Government to which he belonged, but his duties at an end for the day, he cast the cares of office to the winds, and at the play-house, and at the tavern, in the coffee shops, and at houses of still more questionable resort, Henry St. John's face was as well known as on the Treasury Bench of the House of Commons. Nor were the small but select parties, which were wont to gather at the house in St. James' Place, exclusively composed, at all events so far as regarded the lady visitors, of those moving in the highest circles of fashion.

It was the morning following the events chronicled in the last chapter, Henry St. John paced to and fro the long room, on the first floor of the house in St. James' Place, dictating with easy grace and fluency to his secretary, who had hard work to keep pace with his master's rapid flow of words.

Above the common hight, slim and of perfect grace of figure, Henry St. John, even without the classic beauties of a face which might have been chiseled from marble, would have commanded attention as a person of distinction. His features had the regularity of those of a Grecian statue, and, but for the careless gleam of the reckless black eyes, which revealed every thought to those who could read their ever-changing expresson, might have been cold and passionless. His hair, contrary to the custom of the age, was his own, and was worn in long ringlets, gathered loosely together and tied with a long floating ribbon. Little over 30 years of age and looking still younger, Henry St. John had that distinguished grace, coupled with the more unusual stamp of giant intellect, that marked him, even to the most casual observer, as a leader amongst men, a betrayer amongst the opposite sex.

As he paced backwards and forwards in his room, a room in which the most incongruous things were to be found; playing cards littering a table with Government dispatches, a woman's half mask and domino thrown over the inkbespattered *escritoire*,. at which he sat himself when writing; bound Acts of Parliament forming a stand for a parrot's gilded cage; with swords of every fashion and clouded canes in all variety, pushed into odd corners with bottles empty and full, he would pause, now to whistle to the African bird, who, with head cocked knowingly aside, and with sparkling, beady eyes, repeated the strain after him; now to whisper a few words of direction to the little black page boy, who, with a gaudy handkerchief twisted around his woolly head, and in fanciful costume, followed in silence his master's every step, bearing a cup of checolate upon an embossed salver, from which St. John would now and again take a refreshing sip, never the while pausing in his dictation, never at a loss for a word.

St. John was dressed in shirt and breeches. It was evident that on his return home from his night's revels he had discarded the maroon velvet coat he had worn, which lay negligently, half on, half off a chair, his diamond-hilted sword thrown carelessly across it, his feather-edged hat upon the floor, and summoning his secretary from his bed, had without further thought, almost without labor, kept him at the desk writing from his dictation till the gray light of dawn gave place to the rosy flush of day, till the sun had risen over the roofs of the opposite houses, and even the fashionable world was beginning to bestir itself.

The pink silk stockings, the red morocco shoes with their diamond buckles, the costly lace ruffles, now somewhat soiled and crumpled, which almost hid his delicate white hands, he had not troubled to remove, and through the night he had paced to and fro, while the haggard and sleepy secretary hurried his quill over the paper till the last words were penned, and St. John, throwing himself into an easy chair, bade the black page fetch a bottle of wine.

With the wine came the intelligence that already in the hall below a small crowd of visitors—suitors for office, tradesmen dunning for their bills, poets soliciting the customary two guineas for a dedication, were awaiting his pleasure.

"Get thee to bed, Onwhyne," said St. John. "Nay, toss me off this bumper first. 'Tis well. Poor fellow! thou hast need of repose. I knew not how the hours had sped," and the Minister looked kindly on his secretary who with disordered wig and blinking eyes, stood dishevelled before him.

"And has Your Honor no need of rest?"

"I'faith, not I. Life is too short to pass a single unnecessary hour in oblivion of its charms and pleasures. Kobold," and he turned to the little negro page; "see who there be below. Admit such as you know have the *entree*, but mark me well," and he bent his brows in a terrifying, mock-tragic frown, "if a dun should pass yon portal, thy life, slave, pays the forfeit."

Then as the two, the secretary and the page, quitted the room by different doors, Henry St. John, wrapping a loose Eastern robe about him, with gentle hand drew back a heavy curtain which shrouded the entrance to an inner chamber, and gazed steadfastly within.

As he did so, his wonderful eyes so full of expression, grew soft and tender, and the mocking, sneering smile, which too often marred the perfect symmetry of his mouth, gav place to a gentle yet sorrowful expression, as he murmured scarcely above his breath "Poor thing! poor thing."

He drew the curtain sharply, as the door of the room opened, and the black page ushered in a stout burly man, of by no means an unpleasant cast of countenance, upon whose head and shoulders, rested a wig of monstrous dimensions.

"My friend Defoe," said St. John extending his hand, with a winning grace, "'tis but a few minutes since that you were in my thoughts. Since I returned from Will's this morning, I have dictated a pamphlet, so little wonder that I suffered my thoughts to stray to the writer of the most vigorous political papers of modern times. Would that the subject had been in your hands before!"

"Nay, sir," answered the author, "politics have played me a scurvy trick, I will no more of them. Let dog eat dog, but I prithee, let me not be the bone between them."

"Ah, my Daniel, therein you show not your true wisdom. The dogs cannot live on each other, the bone is a necessity of their existence. Is the remembrance of the stone cell of Newgate, and the pillory, so strong upon you still, that you cannot be persuaded once more, to take up the pen in the cause you have already so ably advocated?"

Daniel Defoe shook the countless curls of his wig.

"By your honor's leave," said he, "for the future, I will leave facts alone, and devote myself to fiction. I am now engaged on a romance of the sea, for which I would claim your kind word, with the publishers."

"And what is the subject of your tale, friend Daniel?"

"It treats of the adventures of a shipwrecked mariner on on a desert isle. One Crusoe, I have christened him, and methinks an I be not over-bold that—"

"Tush man! A rico for your shipwrecked Crusoe! Is it for the author of 'A Short Way With Dissenters,' for the staunch advocate of the Scottish Union to fritter time and talient on a nursery book for children? No, no! Put this great work aside, and devote your energies to the party, and if you be weary of penmanship, what say you to trip to the continent? There is dangerous work on hand, but its accomplishment means wealth—see Harley—see him this very day, and repeat what I have told you—how now Kobold?" To the negro boy. "Who bade thee enter? What means that monster grin upon thy ebony face?"

"'Tis Brookwood, the goldsmith, that claims admittance on a matter which brooks no delay," said the page.

"Think of what I have spoken, Defoe," said St. John, "I cannot delay my importunate visitor. With a score of creditors waiting in the hall, when a money lender calls, he takes precedence of everyone."

As he bowed out Daniel Defoe, Saul Brookwood entered. He was a big man, with broad bent shoulders, who wore his own silvery hair, tied in a modest knot, with a piece of black ribbon, he was attired in a snuff colored suit, and his stern rugged face, with large but regular features, was strangely agitated as he advanced toward St. John, who with an easy grace, stood waiting to receive him.

"Welcome, welcome, and thrice welcome, my knight of the money bags," said the statesman, "never was visit better timed. You must with your own eyes, have seen in the hall below, the hungry, ravenous, patient fellows, with their faces as long as their bills, which are hardly so long as the time they have been running. Help, help, my monarch of the money market, my emperor of shekels, gold, gold, gold, and that forthwith, or St. John is in the hands of the Philistines."

"Oh, Mr. St. John! 'twas not to speak of money, I come hither."

"Nay, an thou canst find a better subject, I prithee do so, but for one who is penniless, conversing with one who is wealthy as the Indies themselves, I know no topic, which can compare with money."

"Mr. St. John, I have come to you, for I know not to whom else to appeal, you are powerful, you can aid me, you will—say you will—promise me you will." And the old man nervously intertwined his long thin fingers, (a favorite action of his when excited,) and looked imploringly into the half grave, half humorous face of the young statesman, as he lolled back in an easy chair, toying with a little King Charles' spaniel, which at a sign had leapt into his lap.

"Egad, Brookwood, hath one of my friends wronged thee of a crown's interest, and wouldst thou have him arrested?"

"For the love of heaven do not jest with me. I have lost that which I value far above gold, for it is priceless."

"Naught counts before gold, save wine and women, and what hast thou, old Moneybags, to do with either?"

"My daughter—my daughter!" cried Brookwood, his voice half choked by sobs, as he wrung his hands despair ingly.

"Thou with a daughter? Well—tell me thy grief."

"'Tis all through the cursed play-house," cried the old man, shaking his clenched fist. "There was one who sent me two admissions for last night,—oh, it was all a plot, a wicked, damnable plot—I see it now—two admissions, and bade me, would I see a creditor who sailed the next morning for France, be at the Duke's Theater at the rising of the curtain—but there were *two* tickets, and I could not bear to waste one—"

"Thine was never a nature that would suffer aught to go to waste, Master Brookwood, but thou couldst have sold it."

"My daughter, my Olivia, begged me that I would take her to see the player-folk, and I, poor, weak fool, because it cost me nothing, consented. It was a plot, a wicked, shameful plot. They drew me from her side, one spoke smoothly of the return of money which I thought never to see again; they crowded and hustled me, they joked and laughed with me, but—they promised me, my money. They took me to a tavern where I should meet this debtor,—I met him not. They laughed and jeered at me, they mocked me, they shouted ribaldry at my gray hairs, and when at length I made my escape from them and returned to the theater, the play was over and the audience had dispersed."

"And your daughter?" inquired St. John.

"Gone—gone—gone," and the old man twisted his fingers together in his despair, and his voice was a wailing moan.

"Whither?"

"I know not—I know not. 'Tis that which brings me here, give me your aid, help me, and ask what you will in return You are all powerful, you can do what you will, you have spies throughout the country, find her for me—O, find her, and I will bless your name, I will pray for you, I—I will—"

"Will you lend me 3,000 guineas, to pay these cursed duns, and keep the bailiffs from the house?"

"At the same percentage as before." answered Brookwood ever keen at a bargain.

"Unconscionable dog, would you haggle over your own flesh and blood? Three thousand guineas, without interest, to be paid when I come into the Boling broke title, and estates."

"Ten per cent—give me a poor miserable 10 per cent," whined the old man, "and you shall have the money."

"This afternoon?"

"'Tis a large sum, I know not where I can obtain so much, 'tis hard to find so large a sum."

"This afternoon—and 10 per cent—or—I leave you."

"So be it—so be it," cried Brookwood, nervously, "but where is she? They told me the Mohocks had carried off a damsel from near Licoln's Inn Fields, that there had been fighting, and an attempted rescue, and that my Lord Carisbrooke was wounded nigh unto death."

"Come hither," said St. John, rising from his chair, and beckoning the old man to the arched entrance to the adjoining room, and drawing back the heavy curtain, "dost know the maiden?"

Saul Brookwood stretched his eager eyes, into the semi-obscurity of an inner chamber, where a beautiful girl, but pale as death, lay upon a couch only showing by her regular breathing, that life remained within her delicate frame, "dost know her?" repeated St. John with a sarcastic smile.

"Olivia!" cried the old man, and he shook as one having the palsy trembling from head to foot.

For a moment he stood thus as one dazed, without power of further speech. But then recovering himself, he caught the statesman by the arm with strong and nervous grip, as he shook his clenched fist in his face, his whole countenance distorted with rage and passion.

"Villain—villain," he cried, "you have mocked me—deceived me—tricked me. You restore her to me, but this is no more my child, Olivia, no longer the pretty innocent who clung so lovingly to my arm but yester-night. An hour ago I would have given all that I am worth to find her. Now I wish she had been in her grave before I had found her; better, far better she should have lain in her innocence beneath the flower-strewn turf, than that I should find my darling in the room of Henry St. John."

"Tush, man tush," said the young statesman coloring slightly, "you know not what you say. No harm has befallen the girl. She threw herself upon my protection, and implored my aid, and I, little dreaming 'twas your child, bestowing no thought upon her, save that I saw she was beautiful, and distressed, gave her the protection and the aid she needed."

"Where did you meet with her?" asked Brookwood, sternly.

"I'faith, 'twas at a tavern, master Brookwood—nay never look, as if thou wouldst devour me—'twas after the play, when I, and a few chosen friends were making merry over a bowl of punch, that this damsel forced her way into the tavern, past the amazed drawers, who strove in vain to stay her. It so chanced, that I sat nearest to the door. She cast herself at my feet, her long hair dishevelled, her garments torn and disarranged, and grasping my knee, with her two hads, cried "Help—help—save me," and incontinently fainted."

"Then she had escaped the ruffian who sought to abduct her?"

"So it would seem, but I know no more than yourself. She was ill, overcome and helpless from the effects of the excitement. I knew not who she was, nor when she came; so placing her in my chair, which waited without, I bade the bearers bring her quickly hither, while I and a doctor—one Dr. Garth of whom you have doubtless heard—who chanced to be of our company, followed instantly in two others. Our worthy wit and man of physic pronounced her to be in no actual danger, only suffering from the alarm she had experienced. What it was, we could only surmise. So having forced her to swallow a composing draught, he left her, as you see, promising to pay her another visit this forenoon. See, even now she stirs, the opiate is losing its effect. Egad, Master Brookwood, these explanations are dry work, I pledge thee and thy fair daughter in a bumper of generous Burgundy."

Saul Brookwood knelt in silence at the feet of Henry St. John, and taking his hand, raised it in silent gratitude to his lips.

"S'blood!" cried St. John not without a softening of his voice, and a change in his usual demeanour. "S'blood! Tears in a money lender's eyes! and St. John grown virtuous,—'tis the age of miracles! Fare thee well, Brookwood—have I not fairly earned my three thousand gold pieces? This afternoon fail me not—this afternoon, mind."

"May I remain till she recovers?" asked the goldsmith.

"Aye, that may you! and call for what you will. I must e'en leave you now, 'tis a good morning's work that I have done, and I have yet to keep an engagement with Harley, ere I go to the House of Commons."

CHAPTER IV.

PRISON AND PALACE.

When Ned Charteris recovered consciousness, and opening his eyes painfully and wearily, looked around him, he saw nothing but bare cold stone walls, with a single grated window at a considerable hight from the ground. He was lying on a plain wooden settee, his dress—the fine handsome clothes, bought under the guidance of his cousin Sir Julian Sandys, were torn and sopped with blood, his arm pained him; his sword was gone, while his brain dazed and confused, hardly permitted him to recall the events which had brought him to the Drury Lane round house, instead of to the tavern, where he had expected to pass a jovial evening, with his relation, the famous Dick Steele, and the court favorite Capt. Masham.

"Where am I?" he asked, as he gazed vacantly around him, surveying the prison cell, by the light of a single flickering oil lamp, and wondering what illchance had made him the inmate of so uncomfortable a chamber.

"Faith," replied a cheery voice, "you are where many a better man hath been for less. After spitting a dozen or more on your toasting fork, you were overpowered by the watch, and now lie in the Drury Lane Round House," and the speaker, dipping a lace-edged handkerchief in a stone pitcher containing water, though none of the purest, applied it to the wounded man's forehead.

"And you?—who are you?" asked Charteris.

"I am Captain Masham, at the Queen's service—and yours. S'life Master Charteris, you have had a narrow escape. Had not I, and honest Jack Stainforth, came up at the very nick of time, you would have been in that state when nothing but a coffin would have been of service to you. What sailed you to tackle single-handed a band of Mohocks?"

"I do not know—I cannot remember," faltered Charteris, passing his hand across his forehead.

"Tush, man. I ask no confidences. 'Twas a wench, I doubt not. 'Tis enough that I have served you. Remember you not, that Sandys introduced us, and spoke of you as but newly from the country? Well, passing with Jack Stainforth, and seeing you hard pressed, quoth I, 'Tis a matter of honor! To the rescue, Jack!' and he and I ranged ourselves on your side, when half a dozen rapiers were threatening your heart."

Charteris stretched forth his hand feebly, for he was weak with loss of blood. "I thank you, Captain Masham, with all my heart," said he, "and wish for no better lot that I may one day be of equal service to you."

"Tush man, say no more about it," replied the other, laughing; "'Twas a touch-and-go business, but all's well that ends well. Are you sufficiently recovered to move?"

"I think so," answered Charteris, trying to rise and sinking back upon the settle from pure exhaustion. "How came I in this state, for, truth to tell, my head is dizzy and I can remember naught save that, for a while, I confronted a half score of gleaming blades."

"Why, man! you have forgotten the crack o' the head which stretched you out on Mother Earth, and yet 'twas the luckiest crack man ever had. The Mohocks pressed us hard, they out-numbered us by at least six to one, and, at the very moment when your life was not worth a pinch of snuff, the watch, drawn to the spot by the clash of steel, came up behind you and in the roughest, readiest way dispossed of one of the combatants—yourself—by a blow of a cudgel which might have felled an ox."

"The cowardly ruffians!" said Ned Charteris.

"Nay, 'tis little I would say on that score. 'Twas a choice between a crack on the pate and 12 inches of steel through your body, the one a jug of cold water and a strip of plaster will heal, the other would have made you the proprietor of six feet of earth and a tombstone."

"And then?—What happened after?"

"Well, seeing you stretched bleeding and senseless, and knowing you to be a stranger to our great City and its ways, I o'en gave up my sword to the watch, and suffered myself to be dragged hither for the sake of your honor's company, and—well, nature and cold water have done the rest, coupled with a yard of linen, I took the liberty of tearing from your shirt, to bind about your arm."

"And those ruffians have escaped, and we are prisoners!" cried Charteris, indignantly.

"Egad, my friend, yours wits have returned to you, for it is even so."

"What shall we do? 'tis not for myself I care, but you—I have dragged you into this affair. For me you have risked your life, and lost your liberty. How long are we to be imprisoned here?"

"By my honor," said Masham, gaily, "it must not be long. I am one of Prince George's equerries, and am on duty at the Palace in three hours from now."

"Where are our captors? Can we not summon them? Let me explain—I will tell them all, they shall know that 'tis I, and I alone am to blame, that 'twas but your generosity, your goodness, which led you into the fray. If I have offended against the law, I must e'en pay the penalty, but you? 'Tis monstrous that *you* should suffer."

"Forsooth, Charteris, your cousin spake truly, when he said you were from the country. The watch will care naught for your arguments, and will laugh at your protestations. 'Tis not in that way, I can be at St. James's at the appointed hour."

"Ha! I take you," exclaimed the young man, staggering to his feet. "'Tis by yonder barred and grated window, so be it. 'Tis yet a further zest to the adventure. See, I am strong now, I am myself again. 'Tis no undue hight from the ground. Mount you first by my aid, and get you hence in safety."

Captain Masham sat upon the wooden bench and laughed heartily.

"Thou art as innocent as the blossoms in thine own hedgerows," he cried. "What are we? Dost think, forsooth, that men of fashion are mere prison-breakers? Let your highwaymen and pickpockets, your sheep stealers, and house-breakers sneak through a grated window to the arms of their expectant Sues and Pollys. No, no, my venturous Don Quixote, there is a surer and easier method. We will walk triumphantly through yonder door, we will quit this place of durance vile with honor, nay more with glory. An thou hast a few gold pieces in thy pouch, for truth to tell I am reduced to my last crown."

Charteris felt in his pockets and produced a well-filled purse.

"Ah! 'tis well!" laughed Masham. "There is not a door in this building but will open to a golden key. Shout, man, shout." And Captain Masham raised his voice in discordant yellings, and casting the wooden bench upon the stone floor, dashed the earthenware water jug against wall.

The noise thus created had the desired effect, for in a few minutes the heavy door moved upon its hinges and the watch, with lanterns and cudgels in their hands, entered the cell.

A few words from Masham, a chinking of gold, and then at a sign from Masham, Ned Charteris, leaning on his arm, passed out into the narrow stone passage; another bribe, and the round house outer door was cautiously opened, and just as the first gray light of dawn illumined the heavy sky, the two young men stepped forth into Drury Lane, and felt the pure air of heaven blow upon their heated faces, and cool their fevered heads.

"Is this not better than risking a broken limb through a grated window, or climbing with the cats over the house roof?" asked Masham, laughing.

"I scarcely know how best to thank you, for all your friendly services."

"Say not a word—not a syllable. And now to the palace. 'Twill be hard if I cannot find some garments, wherewith to replace these, which speak but too plainly of your nights adventure."

"But Sir Julian Sandys?"

"Tush, man! he is not yet at his lodgings from the tavern, and even if he be, his head will be muzzled with the wine he has drunk. No, no, come you with me to my lodgings, in the palace. Nay, I will take no denial," and so saying, he hurried him along the narrow, tortuous street, as fast as his weakness would permit, and there opposite Somerset House in the Strand, finding a couple of chairmen asleep, he roused them with a hearty kick apiece, and the two young men seated themselves in the sedan chairs and were borne away at a rapid jog trot pace to the Palace of St. James", where the Court then was in residence.

There, though protesting the while at the trouble he gave his host, Ned Charteris's wound was examined and pronounced a mere nothing by young Masham, who with ready skill bound and swathed the injured arm in linen bandages. A plentiful application of cold water, a suit of clothes which, considering they were not made for him, became his active, graceful figure wonderfully, a glass or two of cordial, and the young man, though still weak from loss of blood, was to all intents and purposes himself again.

Masham was a bright and lively companion, and, over a well-furnished breakfast table, amused him with many anecdotes of the great Court ladies, notably of the famous Duchess of Marlborough, who was the terror of the Palace from the scullions in the royal kitchen even to the Queen herself upon the throne.

"But," quoth Masham, with a cautious look around him, as if the very walls had ears; "Her Grace's power is on the wane. Our gracious Queen—whom heaven preserve—is weary of the impertinent superiority assumed by her one-time friend and *confidante*—and hark ye, Mister Charteris—a word in your ear. There is another favorite in the ascendant. When the sun sets, the moon rises, so is it in Court life. The Duchess's days are numbered. Already Harley and St. John, her most powerful opponents, are the confidential advisers of Her Majesty, and the post of friend, sister, mentor and companion, once held by Sarah Jennings, is now transferred to——"

"To whom?" asked Charteris, "I thought the Duchess still omnipotent at Court."

Masham shook his head.

"No, no, believe what I tell you is the truth. And as for the new favorite egad, you shall see her, and judge for yourself. Come with me into the lobby of the Council Chamber, and I will point out to you the notabilities as they pass, but an thou likest not Mistress Abigail Hill, I will scorn thee as no true man."

"Oho!" laughed Charteris, "sits the wind in that quarter? And who may she be, this Abigail Hill?"

"She of whom I spake just now, the new favorite; beautiful beyond all others, graceful, charming, bewitching, fascinating; with the brain of a diplomatist, coupled with the winning ways of a woman, with the ambition of a statesman linked to the charm of her own sex. Mark me well, her rise dates from the Duchess's downfall, and though her name is to-day scarcely known beyond the precincts of the palace yard, in future generations 'twill be familiar to fame as that of a woman who helped to make the history of her time."

"And her husband?" asked Charteris, with a meaning smile.

"O her husband," laughed Masham, "her husband must be content to go down to posterity, as the worser half of Abigail Hill."

"You interest me hugely. I would indeed see this fair rising star."

"Then follow me," said Meshrm, as the palace clock chimed the hour. "I should be now at my post."

Charteris needed no second bidding, and his injured arm bandaged and in a sling, he accompanied Prince George's equerry down a steep flight of winding stairs and through a multitude of tortuous passages, till the two emerged in a room of no very great dimensions, hung around with ancient tapestry, and with a ceiling painted in allegorical design of sprawling nymphs and flying cupids, interspersed with Brobdignagian fruit and flowers.

"This ante-chamber of the council room," whispered Masham, "we are somewhat late. See yonder, passing through the velvet curtains, go Harley and St. John, arm linked in arm, and here comes the stately Duchess herself, in all the pride of will and power, in all the rage of baffled ambition and outwitted genius."

Ned Charteris gazed, not without awe, upon the woman who, by her own and her husband's intellect, had raised herself to be the most powerful subject of the realm; powerful, some declared, even beyond the Queen herself; powerful, not only in her own land, but as an arbiter of Europe. A woman who, having wielded almost absolute control, now felt her prestige slowly, but surely leaving her.

Though no longer in the fresh glory of youth, though no longer the unbending spirit dictating the entire policy of Britain, Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough looked, moved and spoke as a Queen among women, an imperial ruler, and by the haughty grace and natural majesty of her appearance commanded the reverence even of those whose hours, sleeping and waking, were spent in schemes and plots to oust her from the favor of her sovereign lady, Queen Anne.

Her's was the splendid pride of intellect; her's was the pride of natural power; by her own will, by her own talents, she had raised herself to the exalted position which she had occupied since the death of King William. Her proud and haughty spirit refused to submit, even at the moment, when both Queen and country were bent upon lowering her to the position of a subject at the court of St. James. She scorned to confess even the possibility of defeat, as with head erect and imperial mien, she walked with stately step through the ante-chamber, acknowledging the respectful salutes of the time-servers with imperial disdain.

She was still a handsome woman, tall, erect, majestic in her deportment; with a mien that might have honored the proudest and most absolute monarch, that ever sat upon despotic throne; and as she moved through the outer room, upon her way to the Council Chamber, her noble white brow, shaded by a profusion of black hair, which after the fashion of the day, fell in luxuriant curls and ringlets, about a neck and bosom of perfect hue and symmetry, as she passed with graceful if somewhat matronly figure, clothed in richest raiment, profusely decorated with sparkling gems—that if report spoke truly were but so many bribes, wrung from wealthy suitors for regal favor—those assembled within the ante-room, no matter of what party, no matter of what clique, bowed low before her.

She answered with a haughty inclination of the head so slight as to be barely perceptible, and with a commanding gesture signed to the pages on either side, to raise the velvet curtains, which hung before the entrance to the Council Chambers.

With courtly obeisance they did her bidding, and the Duchess passed through in all the pride of her grandeur, betraying by neither look nor manner that she knew and that she was aware those around her saw the power she had so long autocratically wielded, day by day, slowly, but surely slipping from her, and that the love and confidence which had once been her's was now confined to the humble and obscure Abigail Hill, a distant relative of her own; originally, but a humble dependent in the palace, owing indeed her entrance within its walls, to Her Grace of Marlborough.

"What dost thou think of her?" asked Masham, whispering to his new made friend.

"Think?" replied Ned Charteris, "Think? that she is a queen amongst women, born to rule and be obeyed."

A faint flourish of trumpets in the distance, announced now the approach of the Queen. Nearer and nearer, the metal fanfarronade told of her approach. The guards within the chamber stood at the salute, the pages pressed forward and ceased their ribald chatter; the officers and equerries drew themselves to the front; the would-be statesmen and embryo politicians; the petitioners and office-seekers, who had been fortunate enough to obtain admission to the inner precincts of the Palace, strove for the best places whence to attract notice, or present petitions, and then with a loud blare of brass mingled with distant cheers, the massive outer doors of the chamber were thrown open, and Queen Anne, in semi-regal robes, marched with queenly step into the ante-chamber, preceded by a guard of beef-eaters in their quaint and ancient costume, and followed by a gay and gallant court throng, who in their brilliant dresses and handsome bearing, supported the general saying that the court of Queen Anne was the noblest in Europe.

With a countryman's eager gaze, Ned Charteris sought the Queen with his eyes, and looked at her with that admiration, which the prowess of the Duke of Marlborough, and the diplomacy of his Duchese had begotten for the sovereign.

Anne was of rather awkward and unwieldy figure, but her face had something of the majesty of a line of Princes in its lineaments. In the regal purple, a tiara of diamonds upon her head, she looked every inch a monarch as with stately step she trod the crimson carpet, which paved the way through the ante-chamber.

By her side, but a pace or two behind her Majesty, walked a girl of small stature, with a bright and lively face, though with little actual claim to beauty, who appeared to listen with rapt attention to the words which fell from the Queen's lips.

"'Tis she, 'tis Abigail—I promised you should see her," whispered Masham, and his handsome face lighted with the glow of honest love and pride, as he eagerly watched every movement of the woman he loved.

Charteris, who had made no allowance for the ecstasy of a lover, was both surprised and disappointed in the appearance of the reigning Court favorite, and could not help mentally contrasting her with the grandeur and natural nobility of the puissant Duchess who had preceded her into the Council Chamber.

From outward appearance it was not easy to comprehend how this small and comparatively insignificant girl had been able to oust the great Duchess of Marlborough from her position of Queen's favorite, but as he watched closer and saw the eager, almost fawning attention of Abigail noted the eyes and ears, which seemed only made for Her Majesty's service, he remembered how history had many parallel instances of humility rising to distinction through its very subservience.

As the Queen and her attendant arrived opposite the spot where Ned Charteris and Masham stood, Abigail Hill raised her eyes, and turning them only for a moment away from her royal mistress, fixed them during that instant upon the handsome young equerry with a glance so full of love that even Charteris, little versed in the language of the heart, could not mistake the look.

"I congratulate you, Masham," he whispered. "Such a look as that may well make you proud. Heigho! will anybody ever look at me with such eyes?"

"Aye, man! a score of court beauties need but a word of encouragement. Handsome young fellows with uncumbered property need not look far for a wife in the Court of St. James."

"Well," laughed Charteris, not ill pleased at the compliment, "I shall dance at your wedding before you drink the health of a bride of mine!"

"Even so," replied Masham gravely," a certain wedding we twain wot of, may not be as far distant, as many around us would fain have it. And yet, at times, I tremble for the future. When Abigail was but a humble dependent at the Court, she and I, blessed in our mutual love, were happy as the hours we passed together, but the husband of the Queen's favorite, holds no enviable position. I would rather flee St. James' with Abigail for my wife, and live remote in some far country Village; but she has tasted of the sweets of power and patronage; she has a woman's ambition to excel, she has a woman's desire to distance her haughty relative and rival in the Queen's affection, and our life must of necessity be one of false glamor and outward show, one of plotting and scheming, of battle with others, of envy hatred, and malice hid beneath a smiling face, and a lying tongue."

Then, the Queen having passed into the Council Chamber, the courtiers gathered in knots, gossiping and laughing over the events of the day, but Ned Charteris did not fail to notice the respect and honor paid to his gay and handsome champion of the previous night, nor did he fail to comprehend that the compliments he received on every hand, were paid, not to his manliness, his Apollo-like beauty, his bravery, or his position as equerry to Prince George, but to the man who had the good fortune to be the acknowledged lover of Queen Anne's new favorite.

Bidding a cordial adieu to his new-made friend, Charteris left the Palace, and calling a chair, was carried to the lodgings in Covent Garden, which, since his arrival in London, he had shared with his cousin, his guide, and mentor, Sir Julian Sandys.

"Gadslife, Master Ned, thou hast played us a scurvy trick," said Sir Julian, stretching himself and yawning, as draped in Indian dressing gown, a colored handkerchief bound around his wigless head, he languidly welcomed his kinsman. "But, by my honor, Dick Steele and I, have had our revenge, for we put away your share with our own, and 'tis scored to you, my dear Ned, at the Tavern."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Written for the Toledo BLADE.

PIONEER LIFE.

Recollections of Early Days in the West.

BY DR. H. SCOTT, OF LANCASTER, O.

No. 38.

Allusion has frequently been made to the wild West in the course of the notes. No just conception of the wildness can be conveyed on paper, nor any thing like it. The picture only lives in the memory of those whose eyes were opened on the original. Previous to the beginning of the white settlements in the interior, which may be dated at about 1798, the whole of the great Northwest was, and had been for countless and unknown ages, a "howling wilderness," if the French settlements along the western rivers and northern lakes, and the British fur trading posts on the borders be excepted. Beyond that imagination runs wild in trying to conceive what was here before—what was the status during the long line of passing centuries that have followed each other since the time when the "angels sang together for joy." But one thing is known: for an indefinite routine of passing centuries, stretching back far beyond the utmost possible grasp of mind, the sound of the church going bell, the voice of civilization, the woodman's ax and the tinkling cow-bell had never been heard. The discordant utterances of wild beasts and birds and the savage war whoop of the wild man, with the roaring elements were all the voices "these valleys and rocks ever heard." There exist, indeed, everywhere, surface evidences of the existence of a prehistoric race, but there are no links to connect them with aborigines found here when the Europeans came, and the mind, up to this time, is left in darkness. What the coming historian may find out is to be waited for.

The scenes enacted along the frontiers while immigration was setting in, and during the first and second decades of the present century, have been partially described, but much remains yet to be told. It will never all be told. Hundreds of families landed in the forests with no shelter provided besides the forest trees and the canopy of heaven. Sometimes single families came; sometimes groups of families. They came chiefly from Pennsylvania, Virginia and Kentucky, at first. Some of them came in little wagons; others on pack horses. Many came down the Ohio river in flat boats, landing at various points, and then striking off into the interior. In other instances emigrants landed at the mouths of the tributaries, and then ascended them in canoes to definite points, the most of the family keeping along the shore on foot. Sometimes it became necessary to chop fallen trees out of the way before the canoes could pass. If there was stock, it was driven through the woods. When the canoes had reached the destined point, and there were no wagons in company, the little stocks of household goods were transported to the destination on what was called brush drags. Brush drags were two tall brushes with the tops left on, the stems answering for shafts, between which a single horse was hitched. On these the goods were loaded and dragged along. Many small articles were carried by those on foot. When a halt was made, temporary tents were improvised with forks and poles inclosed with bed covers, and these were used until a cabin could be put up. The cooking was done at a

Spoopendyke, dropping her pen. "You are not dying, dear; you don't want the man to think that!"

"Why not!" squealed Mr. Spoopendyke. "I 'pose a man is going fourteen blocks out of his way to get the mail for a man who only has a cold in his head? You put it that I'm dying, or I'll drop over into that corner and write the whole letter with one application of the inkstand!"

"Go on, dear," cooed Mrs. Spoopendyke, "I've got it so; only he may think it strange that a dying man should write to him."

"Then say, 'I want you to get my mail from the office, and tell them I will be over in a day or two.' Got that?"

"Yes," giggled Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Anything else?"

"What're you laughing at?" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, on whom the incongruities of his letter had begun to dawn. "What have you got that measly mouth of yours stretched out like a doggasted grave yard for? Think I'm dictating a comic almanac? Got a notion that this is some kind of a rebus? Well, it ain't, and it ain't a minstrel entertainment with a funny man at each end! What're you laughing at? Anybody in this country know?"

"I wasn't laughing, dear," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, with a marvelously straight face. "I was only sympathizing with you."

"Was, eh!" grunted Mr. Spoopendyke. "Well, when it takes the form of a visage like you screwed up a minute ago, I want to be hung, instead of being sympathized with. Another time you open your mouth like that, I'm going to put seats in it and start a church."

And contemplating on this vast improvement in his wife's anatomy, Mr. Spoopendyke forgetting all about his letter, rolled over and went to sleep.

HOBOKEN SUCKERS.

How One of Them Sat in a Game with the Thompson Street Poker Club.

New York Life.

For three weeks, until last Saturday, the Thompson Street Poker Club had had no session. This was partly due to the fact that the proprietor of the building had sordidly closed the room and kicked Mr. Gus Johnson, the Treasurer, down stairs on learning that owing to some inexplicable phenomenon not understood by the Club, the kitty had not yielded enough to pay for the kerosene, much less the rent.

As a regular rake on two pairs and upyard had been made for a month, this delinquency amazed the club. Various scientific theories were advanced, among them one involving a search of Mr. Johnson's private pockets and bootleg, but investigation had shown them to be false. An inspection of the table drawer was then made. It was shown that a knothole existed in the bottom thereof, large enough to admit of the insertion of two fingers or the abstraction of three dollars, which was the amount of the missing kitty. It was also demonstrated that the knot-hole had been in perfection, so to speak, with Mr. Tooter Williams. Therefore, while it was clear that the money was hopelessly gone, it was impossible to account for its absence upon any other theory than that offered by Mr. Williams himself that "de mice done smell dat last welch rabbit offen Mr. Johnson's fingahs on de bills an run off wid it." This explanation was received in lieu of a better; the Rev. Mr. Thankful Smith paid his rent and assumed charge of the kitty until he should be reimbursed; Mr. Johnson magnanimously forgave the gentleman who kicked him down stairs. Mr. Tooter Williams expressed his belief in Mr. Johnson's integrity as Treasurer, and all was again harmony.

Mr. Cyrilde Williams, with a moderate percentage, had volunteered to steer his brother in law against the game, and to use a technical expression, blow him in for all he was worth. The gentleman in question was a Hoboken barber with a steady income, a total ignorance of draw poker, a child-like confidence, and all other advantages of mind and person which impressed Mr. Williams favorably.

The Rev. Mr. Smith instructed the neophyte in those fundamental principles known as "coming in," "straddling," "rising," "sweetnin' de jacker," and by tacit consent he was allowed to win some small successive pots, and thus got himself into a glorious humor. Then Mr. Williams winked at Mr. Gus Johnson, and that gentleman dealt.

Mr. Williams had straddled the blind and the Rev. Mr. Smith straddled him. All came in and drew three cards apiece, except the stranger, Mr. Highland Dilsey who only wanted one. Mr. Williams bet a dollar. Mr. Smith raised him two.

Prof. Brick called, as did also Mr. Whittles. All eyes were upon Mr. Dilsey, and the silence was so profound that Mr. Johnson could hear his hair grow.

"Do yo jess—jess call Mistah Dilsey?" inquired Mr. Williams with a sweet smile, "or do yo' raise it?"

Mr. Dilsey passed his cards in review, hesitated, and said:

"Kin I rise it?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Williams, who had a great deal of benevolence and also three kings. "Rise it all yo' want."

Thus encouraged, Mr. Dilsey raised the pot $6. Everybody breathed hard with suppressed excitement, and Mr. Johnson's eyes might have served for a hat rack. Mr. Williams raised back and Mr. Smith raised him. The others according to the previous agreement fled.

Mr. Dilsey called. "Whad yo' got to beat two pair?" he inquired.

"Is sevral big fat smilin' kings any good?" asked Mr. Williams, kindly. "Kin a spade flush, queen high, do nuffin?" queried the Rev. Mr. Smith.

"Shome up," said Mr. Dilsey, apparently nursing his left foot.

Mr. Williams unfolded his private collection of royalty, and Mr. Smith exhibited a panorama of spades, which reflected great credit upon Mr. Johnson's dealing.

"Ise sorry, Mistah Dilsey," observed Mr. Williams.

"Dad's de way wif cyads," remarked the Rev. Mr. Smith, sententiously. "Gamblin's onsartin."

Mr. Dilsey spoke not but began to count up the pot.

"Wha—whad yo' doin' wif de spondies?" asked Mr. Williams.

"Leggo my pot!" commanded Mr. Smith.

Mr. Dilsey coolly rolled up the bills and inserted them in an abyss under his vest, and then swept the coppers and Mr. Whittles's plated watch chain into his pocket.

"Look ayar, niggahs," he said in a tone which made Mr. Johnson feel like a refrigerator. "I'se from Hoboken, an' I'se a barbah. When a Hoboken barbah comes ter Thomsin street he kerries his professior wif him. I'se got bofe boot legs an' a hip pocket full er de implements ob the craft. Yo' hear me?"

All signified by silence that they heard. Then Mr. Dilsey laid down three jacks and a pair of sixes, and calmly jammed Mr. Whittles's hat down over his eyes and quitted the room.

The club sat stricken for three minutes. Then the door slowly reopened and Mr. Dilsey's voice sounded sepulchrally:

"Dars no sucksahs in Hoboken."

With that, he vanished.

A Statesman who Thought he was Out of Politics Forever.

Philadelphia Call.

Eminent Statesman—"Yes, but I am out of politics forever."

Worker—"Bill says you can easily get a portion of the delegates."

"Yes, but I am out of politics."

"Jim says he will turn his votes for you."

"Yes, but I am out of——"

"Mike estimates that you can get half."

"Yes, but I am out——"

"More than that."

"Yes, but I am——"

"Over half."

"Yes, but I——"

"Jake offers his votes."

"Yes, but——"

"And I will give you mine. That makes your nomination sure. Will you accept?"

"Yes."

Written Expressly for the Blade.

NASBY IN THE SOUTH.

A Charming, but Unsophisticated Widow, Who Was Too Much for a Cute Yankee—Atlanta and Its Environs—The Chicago of the South.

VI.

THE STORY OF A SIMPLE-MINDED, INNOCENT SOUTHERN WIDOW.

In the olden days one of the most common things to encounter in the South, especially in Southern Tennessee and Northern Georgia, was a Northern man, usually from Connecticut, who came South in search of that fortune which indisposition for labor denied him in his native country. He was invariably long, lank, with straight hair, a narrow forehead, with small, cunning eyes under them, and stock of perseverance, natural shrewdness, and an entire lack of conscience that in the struggle with a world full of confiding people was sufficient to take him anywhere. He generally made his *debut* as a school teacher, a singing or writing teacher, an itinerant photographer, an agent for books or fruit trees, or any of those occupations which are not considered precisely labor, but at which men do labor harder than they would were they to hold a plow or swing a scythe.

But understand he did not long remain at these employments. He only followed the one that brought him thither till he could make acquaintances and better himself. He generally found employment as overseer of a plantation, or manager and he was more feared and hated by the negros than any one native to the Southern soil and to the manner born, and they had good reason. When a Yankee goes away from home and takes nothing of Puritanism with him but a nasal twang he is the worst man in the world. His shrewdnesss without the restraining power of grace, makes him a very dangerous neighbor, especially among simple-minded people who have no especial knowledge of guile and take men as a rule for what they profess to be. These fellows always managed in the end to marry a widow with a plantation.

One such, Abner Smith by name, so goes the story, turned up in 1856, just north of Chattanooga. He came as a teacher and progressed so far as to get the management of the plantation of a very careless and improvident young planter named, we will say, Porter. This was not his name, but it is a good name, and will answer the purpose.

Porter disliked to work negros. He never flogged one in his life, and he disliked the care of anything. What he wanted was some one to work the place, give him all the money he wanted, and let him spend it as he chose, and take all the care and responsibility off his shoulders. Abner Smith was on hand just when Porter wanted such a man, and he was installed.

Smith answered the expectations of his proprietor admirably. He worked the hands on the place unmercifully and as he gathered the crops carefully, and sold them well, and as he actually turned over more money to Porter than he had ever before made, he did not suspect that his factoturn was stealing a good half of the proceeds of the estate, and that while his patron was spending his share of the profits, Mr. Smith was hiving his carefully away with a view to future investments.

Unfortunately for Mr. Porter he went hunting one day, and in stepping over a log his gun was discharged, and the contents entering his body, he never returned to his home alive.

It was a terrible blow to his friends and a crushing one to his wife. Mrs. Porter was a little, innocent woman, who was known among friends, because of her mildness and innocence, as "the Baby." She was the exact opposite of her husband, as is generally the case. He was a big, burly fellow with a laugh like the cough of a horse, and she a mild, modest, unassuming little woman with a half-frightened way about her, who seemed to care for nothing in the world except her jolly husband and her baby.

The sudden death of her husband nearly wrecked her, but she survived. Women always do when they have a baby to live for.

After a decent time had elapsed the overseer interviewed her. The plantation was unencumbered and properly managed would not only support the widow and child, comfortably, but would accumulate and make the little thing, now in its mother's arms, an heiress of no mean property. But it must be properly managed.

It was therefore arranged that Mr. Abner Smith should take full charge of the place, at a stipulated salary, (he fixed it at no mean sum) and manage as before, only with more powers than he had ever had.

Immediately there was a change in the condition of affairs on the place. The crops were very good, so far as Mrs. Porter could see, but somehow there was never any money visible to her naked eye. She was too innocent to know much about business, but it seemed to her that the place free from her husband's extravagances should yield a heavier revenue than ever, but it didn't. Mr. Smith showed her accounts, which seemed regular and proper, but the expenses had mounted up heavily, and there were so many charges for things that she knew nothing of that there was nothing left.

There was no one that she could depend upon for advice or assistance, and Mr. Smith did everything without consulting her. Little by little the management of everything had passed completely into his hands.

Things went on in this way for three years, when the innocent little woman was astonished one morning when he informed her, that, owing to the failure of the house to whom he had shipped the cotton crop, he was in a bad way for money and feared that he should have to borrow a considerable sum, upon mortgage, to squeeze through. This frightened the simple woman nearly out of her wits, but her consternation at this was nothing compared to what it was in the morning when he came at her with a bill for salary for three years.

"Have you not paid yourself regularly, as you went on?" she queried.

"Not at all. It has taken everything the place produced to run it for the last three years. Crops have been bad and we have had bad luck all around. As I had to provide for everything I could not draw my salary."

The amount of the salary and what he had said must be raised in consequence of the failure, made a sum that would nearly swamp the property. She did not cry, but said to him that she would sleep on it.

The next morning she sent for him and he came. She was in tears, with the beautiful baby in her arms. It was a cold world, she remarked, and especially chilly to a woman situated as she was. She was too ignorant of the world to cope with it, and too innocent to live, anyhow. What she needed more than anything else was some one to protect and care for her, and look after her interests and those of her baby, and——

That was precisely what Mr. Smith had been waiting for. His cold eye glittered as he looked at her. She was so innocent, so helpless, and with such a fine property! This was his opportunity.

He answered that all she said was true. She must have a protector, who would care for her, and who so fit for the place as he? He had been trusted by her late husband and by her. He would accept the position, and so after very little delay, for the simple woman could not resist anything he offered her, it was arranged that they be married at once.

While a negro was saddling a horse to ride over for a Baptist minister to tie the knot, and sufficient witnesses, she suggested that he had better receipt the terrible bill he made out for services, as in event of his death—which heaven prevent—it might fall into the hands of some one who might use it to the detriment of her darling baby. "Everything will be yours, anyway!" said she, smiling through her tears.

He was only too glad to do it. What did he care for that bill, now that he was to come in possession of the entire property? True it was real estate, and true he, as her husband, had no right to it, but it would be queer if he could not find a way to transfer the broad acres to himself in the course of time.

Mr. Abner Smith felt better than he had at any time since he left Connecticut.

The paper was duly receipted and the preacher arrived and the twain were made one flesh.

The newly-made husband, having no nonsense about him, went gladly out to his fields, his now, indeed, and the wife, the innocent little thing, after some preliminary work which she did privately in her own room, ordered her pet horse saddled and rode furiously to the County Seat, which was only a few miles distant.

What happened? Why, Mr. Abner Smith was arrested in his fields and taken to the County Seat, and was haled up before a Justice of the Peace, and confronted with his wife who charged him with the grossest cruelty toward her. Her story was told in a perfectly innocent and straightforward manner, and a flood of tears added additional weight. With a voice broken with emotion, she averred that within 10 minutes after the departure of the clergymen who married them, he had demanded of her certain sums of money which he suspected her of having, and certain papers which belonged to her deceased husband, and on her refusal to deliver them up, had assaulted her and beaten her in the most brutal manner. O! that she had married such a man! O! that she had been so deceived! And to verify her statements she pulled up the sleeve of her dress and showed a beautiful arm, blue with bruises, and exhibited a lock of raven hair which she averred he had torn from her head.

In vain he denied it, and swore that it was a trick! A trick! She the most innocent of women; she, who could not say her soul was her own, guilty of a trick! Nonsense. The Court did not have time to pronounce upon the case. The bystanders who did not like him and never had, took the matter in their own hands. They led him out and would have hung him, but for the intercession of the outraged wife. She pleaded that his life be spared upon condition that he give her such documents as would give her a divorce at once, and disgorge the money she knew he had stolen from her during his three years of management.

He refused to do anything of the kind, for a man of that peculiar kind will do anything before he will give up money once he has his clutch upon it, but a rope over the limb of a tree is a rare persuader.

He agreed to do it. And then the innocent little woman suggested that the story about the failure of the cotton house might be a deception—that it was possible that he had sold the cotton and had the money concealed. This he denied, but when the rope was adjusted about his neck and it tightened about his throat, he confessed that he had lied about it, that he did it to force the innocent and guileless woman into a marriage, and, under the same influence, he told them where that money, with his other peculations, was concealed.

Then he promised to leave the country and never be seen in it again, and they permitted him to depart. It is needless to say that he kept his promise of never appearing in that country again.

The innocent little woman went home feeling very much relieved, and some years after married a very good man who did not beat her, and to him she confessed that her second husband, Mr. Smith, had not beaten her either, that the bruises she inflicted upon herself and that the hair had not been torn, but skilfully cut from her head, all by herself.

"But what was I to do?" she asked, innocently. "I was alone in the world, that snake had everything in his own hands, and I had to do something to get back what he had robbed me of. I was too weak and ignorant to protect myself, that is, as other women do."

The moral to this is that the women who look the most innocent are not always as innocent as they look.

ATLANTA.

Atlanta, the "Gate City," as its citizens term it, is the most promising City in the Southern States. It is only one-fourth of the size of New Orleans now, but within 10 years it will be the larger of the two. Ten years is a short time in which to increase population from 50,000 to 200,000, but that is what Atlanta is going to do, if it progresses in the same proportion it has in the past.

The growth of Atlanta may be checked—it can never be stopped—by the action of its citizens, but it is not likely. They may become so impressed with the strength of its "natural advantages," as to suppose that "natural advantages" alone will make a great City, or they may become so well convinced that it must become a great City as to impel them to hold their real property at prices that will drive away population, but it is not likely. Atlanta has a very level-headed population, and they do not hold real estate as though there were an 18-karat gold mine under every City lot, but they are far-sighted enough to see that every one who buys ground and settles in their midst makes all other property more valuable, and so the property-owners are doing business on a very liberal basis. They are willing the new-comer shall make something by his coming. The property-holders are enterprising and liberal, the liberality being simply enlightened selfishness. They are liberal because it pays to be liberal. It is not to be supposed that they have any larger proportion of the milk of human kindness in their bosoms than any other people, but they are, decidedly, of a broader gage, broader-minded and have the power of seeing farther into a mill-stone than a great many similarly situated North.

Atlanta is the Chicago of the South. There is a vim, a snap, a confidence, a serene faith in the future of the City that is as like Chicago, 20 years ago, as two peas.

There is nothing that Atlanta dare not undertake, and nothing that she does undertake fails. They had a very fine hotel, a remarkably fine one, and it burned down. The ashes were not cold before the plans were being made for an infinitely finer one, one of the finest in the United States, which cannot be burned down. It will be a hotel which will be talked of, for they have an architect there with ideas, and he is building this new hotel so that it shall not be mistaken for a court-house. He has on paper a building which will be in brick and stone in a few months, a building which combines exteriorally the picturesqueness of an English medieval structure, and interiorally the gorgeousness of the modern hotel. It required no time at all to raise the means for this magnificent hotel—it was necessary and Atlanta went down into her pockets and furnished the wherewith to build it without question.

The City is on a high eminence, splendidly drained, that is to say it will be when the streets of the new City are put in such order as to let the water run down hill, which it will not in the present condition of things. But it has natural drainage of the very best which will be utilized when they have decided upon a system of sewerage.

The business streets are wide and there are a great many imposing business buildings; a very great number when the age of the City is taken into account.

It is, however, in residences that the Gate City makes the most satisfactory show. They have one street of residences that for beauty, either of grounds or buildings, is not excelled anywhere on the continent. There is a wide and beautiful avenue with no two of the dwellings alike, and with such a lavish liberality of ground and taste in decoration as is seen nowhere else. The citizens of Atlanta are rather proud of their pet street, as they ought to be.

Atlanta is a wonderfully strong commercial point and a still stronger manufacturing center, and, to finish the question of her supremacy, it has a population of thoroly progressive men who believe in the City with a calm confidence that would make a City if it had no advantages whatever.

It is to be expected that manufactures of iron should be established in Atlanta, for coal and iron are all about in the wildest profusion, and also it is to be expected that cotton would figure largely in her manufactures, for Atlanta is a very important market for the raw material, but it is more than creditable to the enterprise of the City to see a manufactory of cutlery, not a little struggling concern, but a large strong, competitive establishment, which is turning out as fine cutlery as any from Sheffield, or, for that matter, anywhere else. Also it was a surprise to see a watch factory in full and successful operation, in which watches just as good as the Waltham or Elgin, and in some respects better, are being turned out by the thousand. These works were established by Atlanta capital, and the workmen, who were imported as a matter of course, are now just as enthusiastic over the City of their adoption as though they had been born therein.

Iron and cotton will, in time, be the stand-by manufactures of the City, and it will give Massachusetts and Pennsylvania a struggle for the first place. The material is there, the living in the country is cheap, there is an immense home market, the facilities for transportation are excellent, the climate is mild and equable without being enervating, and if anything more is needed to make a great center I don't know what it is.

Atlanta has the most promising future of any inland City in the Southern States.

Her future is assured, first, because her position makes her the great trading point of the South, and, added to her natural advantages, she is fortunate in a population which knows how, and has the disposition to utilize them.

The wonderful growth of manufactures in the South will make Atlanta whether or no. The supremacy of New England in manufactures is being disputed and successfully. In 1880 the Southern States had 15,223 looms and 713,989 spindles. Jan. 1, 1884, three years after, these same States were working 24,873 looms, and 1,276,422 spindles. This increases in cotton manufacture alone is enormous, but when it is taken into consideration that the increase in iron manufacture has been still greater, some idea may formed of the resources of the section tributary to this new Chicago, and it will explain its phenomenal growth during the few years of its actual existence as a City, and the confidence its people have in its future.

Atlanta is not only to be the point for handling the manufactures of the South, but it is to be an enormous manufacturing point itself. Nothing can be more certain than this, and this fact, with the liberal policy that obtains among those most interested in its growth, give it a future that is as certain as anything earthly can be.

Miscellany.

WOMEN'S WORKS AND WAYS.

Anna Dickinson has a new lecture, which she will deliver first in Boston. She has given up the Hamlet business.

Miss Edmonia Edwards, the colored artist, is to carve a marble statue of the Virgin Mary for one of Lord Bute's chapels.

Mrs. Innes, an American lady of beauty and great wealth, according to the London *Sunday Times*, has married Santley, the baritone.

Lady Siemens has given to the Society of Telegraphic Engineers, for its library, 230 volumes from the library of her husband, the late Sir William Siemens.

Lady Ruthven is to present to the Antiquaries' Museum at Edinburgh a collection of objects of Greek art, including lamps, vases, statuary, ornaments, etc., and containing 3,900 pieces.

Mrs. L. P. Morton wore at a recent reception at the legation a "regal robe" of dark blue velvet, the entire front breath of the skirt covered with fine gold embroidery in Oriental designs.

Christine Nilson told a Chicago reporter that outside New York she had to sing in theaters where her voice seemed to stick in her throat. She thought Americans the most intrusive autograph-hunters in the world. She was often asked to give money for various objects, but preferred relieving the sick and destitute to helping build churches.

Mr. Charles Lowes, it is said, writes that it is untrue that George Eliot left many note-books behind her dealing with numerous subjects. When the biography upon which her husband, Mr. Cross, is now engaged, and the forthcoming volume of essays are published, there will remain almost nothing unprinted.

Lady Lansdowne, wife of the new Governor-General of Canada, is described as slight, quite pretty, and decidedly "aristocratic" in appearance. She seems somewhat timid, but is exceedingly affable, and is young, having been married but a few years. Lord Lansdowne is dark and of a somewhat Jewish cast of countenance.

The British Minister's daughter is said to be a great beauty. Miss West inherited her lovely face, with its sad, dark eyes, from a Spanish mother. She was educated at a convent school in Paris, and in consequence spoke English with a strong accent, and was most familiar with the French and Spanish tongues when she arrived in Washington.

ANTI-DYSPEPSIA DIET.

"The old woman who lived in a shoe," must have resided in Chicago.

It is hinted that larger sleeves will be worn in the Spring. The poker season will then be in full blast at Washington.

"Why did you put that nickel with a hole in it in the contribution box?" asked one man of another. "Because I couldn't put the hole in without the nickel and I had to put in something."

A Massachusetts man has invented a gong that can be heard a distance of five miles. He was determined to get something that would sound loud enough to wake his servant girl up in the morning.

A colored editor has removed Fred. Douglass's portrait from his parlor to his stable because Fred. married "a red-headed white girl 33 years old." The reporters at the wedding said she had "a wealth of sunny hair just touched with gold." There seems to be a mistake somewhere.

An important cigar strike took place in Rockland last week. The principal striker was a North End woman, who discovered her youngest son, aged seven, surreptitiously smoking an old stump of his father's under cover of the cellar stairs. The victim of the strike was put to bed and confidence more reigns in financial circles.

A gentleman made his way into the bedchamber of one of his friends. He found him snoring, with a pair of spectacles upon his nose. "What!" cried he, awakening him, "do you wear your spectacles while you sleep?" "Oh!" replied the other, "I am so near-sighted that without my glasses I could see nothing at all!"

WHAT MRS. GRUNDY SAYS.

That the debutants of the season now have their portraits painted on ivory.

That the close of the fashionable season was not as brilliant as some expected.

That all is not gold that glitters and all is not sealskin that has the appearance of it.

That just about this time the fashionable physician finds business exceedingly brisk.

That at last the edict has gone forth that the Newmarket coat, like the Chinese, must go.

That pearls are rapidly taking the place of diamonds among what are termed the *elite*.

That fashionable boarding house keepers complain that nearly everybody is in arrears.

That dinner plates of solid colors, no two alike, are the latest craze imported from Paris.

That all good churchmen and women should suspend their dinner parties until Easter.

That the story about Mrs. Mackay burning her portraits recalls romances of the fairies.

That young New Yorkers "out on a cattle ranch" furnish material for very queer stories.

That announcements of intended divorces suits no longer create any excitement in society.

That sewing, reading and roller skating classes are now in order with the Lenten season.

That three of the fashionable clubs in New York are now engaged in investigating social crookedness.

Utility of Color-Blindness.

A Paris paper perpetrates this:

Sarah—"Oh, I am so happy!"

Maggie—"What has happened, dear?"

Sarah—"I have just found out that my darling Alonzo is color-blind.

Maggie—"Why, what advantage is there in that?"

Sarah—"He can't see how stupidly red my nose gets in cold weather."

REMINISCENCES OF ROCHESTER.

The Falls of the Genesee and Sam Patch's Fatal Leap—One of the Business Houses and its great Magnitude.

The present floods, which are either devastating or threatening the country in every direction, are justly cause for apprehension. No matter whether they come suddenly or by slow degrees, they are, in either case, a great evil and much to be dreaded, and yet America will always be troubled by these Spring overflows. Probably one of the most disastrous that was ever known occurred in Rochester, N. Y., about 20 years ago. The Genesee river, just above the falls, where Sam Patch made his final and fatal leap, became completely blockaded by ice, forming an impassable dam, and the water coming down the Genesee river, overflowed the principal portion of the City of Rochester. This catastrophe would have been repeated the present year had not the energy and foresight of the City authorities prevented it. The writer happened to be in Rochester at that time, and was greatly interested in the manner in which this great catastrophe was averted. Every few moments, a roar like the peals of thunder or the booming of cannon would be heard, and in order to see this ice blasting process the writer went to the top of the new Warner building, which overlooks the Genesee river. From here he was not only enabled to see the process uninterruptedly, but also the magnificent building which has just been completed. This is unquestionably the finest building devoted to business and manufacturing purposes in America, being entirely fire-proof, eight stories high, and containing over four and a quarter acres of flooring. Mr. Warner treated your correspondent very courteously, and in the course of the conversation said:

"We are doing a tremendous business and are far behind in our orders. This is the season of the year when people, no matter how strong their constitution may be, feel more or less, the pain and indisposition, the headaches, colds, neuralgia, rheumatism, dull pains, sore throats, coughs—all the 1,001 ills that flesh is heir to, come this time of the year, if at all. It is natural, therefore, that we should be very busy. This is specially true of our Safe Rheumatic Cure, and it is crowding us very sharply for a new remedy."

"Singular, but I had forgotten that you do not advertise to cure all diseases from one bottle, as is done generally by many other medicine men, but I supposed Warner's Safe Cure was for the cure of Rheumatism."

"And so it has been until our remedy which was especially for rheumatism and neuralgia, was introduced. We have been three years perfecting this new remedy. Study first taught us there was certain powerful elements in Warner's Safe cure, better known as Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, that made wonderful cures in chronic and acute rheumatism, but during our investigation, we learned of a remarkable cure at a celebrated springs, and put experts to investigate, and found that the springs did not contain any valuable properties, but the course of treatment that was being given there was performing all the benefit. By carefully combining the active principles of this remedy with our Safe cure, we have produced our Safe Rheumatic Cure, and the cures it is effecting are simply wonderful, and I do not doubt it will become as popular as our Safe Cure."

"You seem to talk freely in regard to your remedies and appear to have no secrets, Mr. Warner."

"None whatever. The physician with his hundred calls and one hundred diseases, is necessarily compelled to guess at a great deal. We are enabled to follow up and perfect, while physicians can only experiment with their hundred patients and hundred diseases. With the ordinary physician, the code binds him down, so that if he makes a discovery, he is bound to give it to the other physicians, which, of course, discourages investigation to a great extent. This is why the great discoveries in medical science of late years have been made by chemists and scientists and not by physicians, and it in a measure accounts for the great value of our remedies, also for the remarkable success of all those doctors who make a specialty of one or two diseases."

"And you find that you are curing as great a number of people as ever before?"

"Yes, a far greater number. We never sold as much of our medicine as now and never knew of so many remarkable cures."

The writer departed after the above interview, but was greatly impressed, not only by the sincerity of Mr. Warner, but by the vastness of all he saw. Mr. Warner's medicines are used throughout the entire length and breadth of the land, and we doubt not the result they are effecting are really as wonderful as they are related to be.

Thousands of testimonials certify to the prompt cure of all bronchial and lung affections by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

RECENT LITERATURE.

ERRING YET NOBLE.—A Story of a Woman's Life.—By Isaac G. Reed, jr., author of "Thirty Years." Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia. Cloth $1.25.

This is a story which deals with the hard facts of life in a style of minute naturalism, and as a thorough analysis of a woman's career cannot be equaled. The interest commences with the opening sentence, and is steadily kept up to the last. Julia Witherson, the heroine, though "more sinned against than sinning," has a terrible record to fight against, but she does not falter in her struggles to overcome evil with good. Her love for Charles Singerly is her guiding star, and it leads her into peculiar fields of usefulness that most women, even some of the bravest, would fear to explore. Exciting situations are plentiful, and thrilling episodes follow each other with almost bewildering rapidity. The plot is powerful and excellent, and the character sketching graphic in the highest degree, while entire originality marks the book. The scene is chiefly laid in New York, though glimpses are given of life in Paris and civil war experience in Virginia.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. From the discovery of the Continent. By Geo. Bancroft. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. Vol III.

We can not do better in noticing this splendid work than quote the words of *Harper's Magazine* for February in regard to it: "Mr. Bancroft's last revision of his 'History of the United States of America' has reached the third volume. It rehearses the eventful history of the 11 years from February, 1763, to May, 1774, during which the passage of the Stamp Act and other obnoxious and oppressive measures by the British Parliament completed the alienation of the colonies, and led them, by the inexorable logic of events, to that concert of action which afterward consolidated the Union, and made their national independence possible. The volume is the impassioned history of the fatal estrangement of America by Britain. In language dignified and decorous, but hot with indignation, it recites each step of the obstinate and suicidal policy of Parliament, in obedience to which it usurped powers in violation of the British Constitution and destructive of the rights and liberties of the colonists as Englishmen, and forced a conflict of arms which issued in the dismemberment of the nation. The course of events in England and America is detailed with great minuteness, but without the intervention of a superfluous sentence. In grave and stately periods the historian depicts with sedentious eloquence the judicial frenzy that obscured the mind of King and Parliament, the gradual but inevitable growth of the idea of resistance in America *pari passu* with the growth of the idea of force in Britain, and the electric spread among the colonists of the feeling that their common wrongs could be redressed, their common rights maintained, and their common liberties preserved, only by their manly common action against a country which, from having been the common mother, was becoming rapidly converted into the common enemy. A comparison of this installment of the revised edition with its equivalent in the former edition impresses us with the candor, the thoroughness, and the conscientiousness of Mr. Bancroft's revision. Every page reveals some touch of the artist's hand, softening the language where it had run into needless asperity, but without detracting from its sinewy vigor, pruning redundancies, rounding off or smoothing down ruggedness or infelicities, modifying statements so as to cause them to conform more exactly to newly-discovered evidence—in fine, practically producing a new work while preserving the substantial integrity of the old one.

LORD TENNYSON'S COLLECTED WORKS. The Works of Alfred Lord Tennyson. Poet-Laureate. A New Edition, corrected throughout by the author, with a New Portrait. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York. Illustrated plain, $1.50; extra gilt, with gilt edges, $3.

In this edition, which has been printed from new type and corrected throughout by the author, a few poems have been added which have not till now been reprinted since their first appearance in the edition of 1833. No efforts have been spared to produce a book that shall be convenient and acceptable to all readers, and worthy, so far as outward form is concerned, of the exquisite poetry which it contains.

One Cold Often Accumulates Still, with many constitutions, several, to establish the disease of Consumption in the system. If you suffer a cold or a remedy for any Lung trouble or Throat disease, you will find Dr. Bayne's Expectorant always prompt and efficacious.

The Camp Fire.

SEASONABLE MEMORIES.

THIRD WEEK IN MARCH, 1862.

When Gen. McClellan moved the Army of the Potomac to the Peninsula he left behind, to protect Washington, the following forces:

In garrison and in front of Washington	18,000
At Warrenton	7,192
At Manassas	19,959
In the Shenandoah Valley	35,467
On the Lower Potomac	1,350

Gen. N. P. Banks was appointed to command the troops along the line of the Potomac, and in the Shenandoah, and I have told, in a previous issue, how he advanced from Washington, re-captured Harper's Ferry, and advanced up the Shenandoah Valley, beginning the terrible three years warfare which was to devastate that lovely and fertile region.

In front of Banks's force in the Valley were about 25,000 Rebels under command of Stonewall Jackson.

Banks's advance was led by Gen. Shields, before whom the Rebels retired. Shields made pursuit, but suddenly ceased and fell back to Winchester. This deceived Jackson into the belief that our forces were retreating, and he began to pursue. Shields cunningly managed to make it appear that he had but a small force with him, and succeeded in effectually deceiving even the inhabitants of Winchester, who signaled Jackson to this effect. In the afternoon of the 22d Ashby's Rebel cavalry demonstrated strongly in Shields's front, who got ready for an emergency. About 10:30 the next morning it became evident that Jackson was advancing in strong force. A little later his batteries came out of the woods which had concealed them, and one after another went into position on a ridge, and opened a heavy fire on our guns, which were developing on another ridge, running parallel and about half a mile away. Between the two was a ravine running east and west, and free from woods, except at the flanks. By 3:30 there was a fierce artillery duel going on, under cover of which the two lines of infantry were formed about 1,000 yards apart. A piece of shell striking Gen. Shields's arm disabled him from any further exercise of command, which devolved upon Gen. Kimball. A Rebel battery having become especially annoying, Gen. Kimball made the first manuver of the battle by sending six regiments under Col. Tyler, of the 7th Ohio, around to the extreme right, where they marched through the woods past the Rebel left, and suddenly took the line in reverse as it stood behind a stone wall. Though taken at a disadvantage, the Rebels received them with great steadiness and a desperate fight ensued, which ended by a bayonet charge of the 5th Ohio and 84th Pennsylvania. Both regiments lost heavily, five color-bearers of the 5th Ohio and the Colonel of the 84th Pennsylvania, with many other officers and men being killed. The 14th Indiana and the 110th Pennsylvania came up gallantly in support, and the Rebel flank was rolled up. At the same time there was a general charge along the entire front, and the Rebels were swept from the field, with the loss of two guns, four caissons, 1,000 stand of arms, 3,000 prisoners and about 1,000 killed and wounded. Our loss was 350 killed and wounded. Jackson retreated in great haste, was pursued as far as Woodstock, 23 miles distant. His dead and wounded were found all along the roads. It was a very brilliant little victory, and did much to encourage our people. It was also the only time that the redoubtable Stonewall Jackson was ever fairly whipped.

On the 14th of March Col. James A. Garfield, who had forced his way up the Big Sandy Valley, in Eastern Kentucky, and driven the Rebel General, Humphrey Marshall, before him, started out with 900 infantry and 200 cavalry to complete the work. Humphrey Marshall lay at Pound Gap, 40 miles away. This is the gateway through the Cumberland Mountains into Eastern Kentucky. On the evening of the 15th Garfield's little force was within two miles of the unsuspecting Rebels. The next morning the cavalry marched up the Gap road, in the midst of a blinding snow storm, directly toward the enemy, and while the latter's attention was thus occupied the infantry marched by a foot path which brought them in upon the Rebel rear. The latter did not discover the movement until our troops were within easy range. A few volleys dispersed the surprised enemy, and sent them flying into Virginia, whither they were pursued several miles by the cavalry. A large quantity of stores were taken and destroyed, and our men, resting for the night in 60 comfortable log huts, which the Rebels had been occupying, burned them the next morning, and returned without having suffered any serious loss.

The Army of the Ohio was leisurely marching from Nashville toward Fittsburg Landing, where the Army of the Tennessee was concentrating.

The Army of the Mississippi was completing its investment of New Madrid and Island No. 10.

The Army of the Gulf, with Farragut's fleet, were gathering in the Mississippi delta, preparatory to the capture of New Orleans.

THIRD WEEK IN MARCH, 1863.

The Army of the Potomac was in Winter quarters at Falmouth, Va.

The Army of the Cumberland was at Murfreesboro, Tenn.

The Army of the Tennessee was gathering at Milliken's Bend, Gen. Sherman, commanding a corps, and Admiral Porter, with the gunboats, made one of those expeditions of which there were so many in the early part of the campaign against Vicksburg, to find a path by which the swampy low ground could be crossed and the army brought upon the hills in the rear of the City. Admiral Porter worked his gunboats up Sunflower Bayou, expecting to get into the Yazoo river above the dreaded batteries of Haines's Bluff, which protected Vicksburg's right flank. The gunboats were quite successful for awhile in making their way through the narrow, deep bayous, though they had to butt great trees out of the channel, and the limbs of others tore down their smokestacks, pilot-houses, etc. Finally the Rebels began cutting down trees, which fell across the bayous, before and behind the boats, stopping their progress either way. Strong parties of sharpshooters lined the banks, and, defying the big guns, drove back the sailors, who attempted to clear away the embarrassing trunks. The situation became so desperate that Porter seriously considered destroying the fleet to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy. Gen. Sherman, who was some distance away, was alarmed at the continual firing of the heavy guns, and started out with a division, which he led through the swamps on foot, carrying a couple of canteens of hard bread, as he walked on in advance, and came up in the rear of the Rebel sharpshooters, who were speedily driven off, and the fleet saved.

THIRD WEEK IN MARCH, 1864.

The Army of the Potomac was in Winter quarters at along the Rapidan.

The Armies of the Cumberland and the Tennessee were in Winter quarters around Chattanooga.

The Army of the Ohio was starving and freezing in East Tennessee.

THIRD WEEK IN MARCH, 1865.

Lee was making preparations for the desperate move of abandoning Richmond and Petersburg to the iron grip which had been closing around him during the Winter, and, suddenly uniting with Johnston, on the Danville line, inflicted a crushing blow on Sherman, or do

Answers to Correspondents.

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication, but only as evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule fall their way at once to the waste basket.

2. Hath-matical problems and questions in grammati cal construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper in the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this Department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms or corporations doing a general business. The BLADE'S endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them, if they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reason.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books. Letters intended for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondent's Department."

W. E. O. Mancelona: There are only two first-class Postoffices in Michigan.

N. D. C., Sharpsburg, Pa.: Write to A. Galbraith, 209 North Ninth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A. E. W., Odanville, Ill.: 1. Is "Mrs." any plural? 2. How many Presidents of the United States have served as Generals in the Army?

1. No. 2. Seven.

Inquirer, Corpenhaven, Pa.:

By the rules with the laws of the Postoffice Department to have the postoffice in the same room with a drug store, and deliver mail and whisky over the same counter?

No.

N. S., Ellsburg, N. Y.:

Is there a walled lake in Iowa? If so, can you give me a history of the builders of the wall?

There are several walled lakes in the State, which present the singular phenomenon of a natural wall of loose stones surrounding their waters.

Reader, Doran, Iowa:

Is the county around Richmond, Va., healthy? Also as to its fertility?

Yes. Henrico County is diversified with hills of no great height; bituminous coal abounds in the west part, but most of the soil is light and poor.

J. W. A., Ike Run, O.:

Where may I obtain reliable information concerning land in Presidio County, Tex., granted to the Southern Pacific Railroad Company? 2. Is this railroad completed?

1. Write to the Commissioner of the Land Office, Austin, Tex. or James Madden Land Agent, San Francisco, Cal. 2. Yes.

D. J., Hyde Park, Pa.:

Give a good recipe for making grease to soften leather and one that will keep snow water out.

Beef tallow, four ounces; resin, one ounce; beeswax, one ounce; melt together. Add, when cold, a quantity of neat's foot oil equal to the mass. Apply with a rag, warming before a fire. Two applications will be sufficient to make boots water-proof and still keep them soft.

Sub., Pike Rock, Iowa:

Has the British redemptioner the right of search in the treasury? If not, when did they?

The treaty of Ghent did not touch upon the impressment of seamen, but the thing was never again attempted. The treaty stipulated that each Nation should try to arrest Indian hostilities and the slave trade. The right of search has never yet been specifically settled, but it is not likely the British claim will ever be asserted.

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To several correspondents: The BLADE is not engaged in the divorce business. Consult a lawyer.

J. W. R., Clinton, W. Va.: Ask some State official. We are not familiar with the militia laws of your State.

Inquirer, Carbon, Wy. TR.: Make application to the Register of the Land Office. We think you are entitled to a homestead.

H. N. M., Forestville, N. Y.:

Has the Wilson Sewing Machine Company, of Chicago, gone into bankruptcy?

Think not.

W. E. A., Valparaiso, Ind.:

Please tell me where the Country Gentleman is published?

Albany, N. Y.

H. J. A., Montrose, Ia.:

What is the name of the Adjutant General of the State of Alabama?

H. C. Tompkins—address, Montgomery.

B., Port Allegany, Pa.:

Is there a Hollandish paper published in New York City?

There is none mentioned in Rowell's Directory. Holland and Grand Rapids, Mich., have several.

N. J. C., Ionia, Mich.:

1. How old is Samuel J. Tilden? 2. Has he any family, or has he ever had one? 3. How much is he worth?

1. About 70. 2. He is an old bachelor. 3. Do not know, but he is quite wealthy.

W. H. C., East Jordan, Mich.:

1. Is there a ship canal through the Isthmus of Darien? 2. Who was Governor of Ohio in 1858-9? 3. Who was Vice President during Abraham Lincoln's first administration?

1. It is not completed. 2. Richard M. Bishop. 3. Hannibal Hamlin.

J. S. M., Morse, Kans.:

Has England a protective policy? If so, what does she protect?

There are no protective duties now levied on goods imported, customs duties being charged solely for the sake of revenue. There are 24 articles subject to duty, the chief being tobacco, spirits and wine.

J. J. W., New Ross, Ind.:

1. How many persons are employed in manufacturing in the United States? 2. Give me the tariff per cent. on imported articles in 1830, 1842, 1850, 1860, 1870 and 1880.

1. In manufacturing, mechanical trades and mining, 3,837,112. 2. It would take too much space.

J. C. H., Hillsdale, Iowa:

To settle a dispute, please answer the question: If I was standing 20 feet from a tree and a squirrel was on the opposite side of the tree, and I would start and go around and the squirrel was to move as I did until I reached the starting place, would I go around the squirrel?

This "gag" comes up regularly every two or three months, and it is always to "settle a dispute." Settle your own disputes.

J. W. S., Stonewall, Col.:

Please explain the meaning of Court in Banc.

When the Judges of the District meet in a body to pass upon decisions or rulings made by one of their number.

C. S. B., Pulaski, Ill.:

1. Please give date of Patrick Henry's death and a synopsis of his life. 2. What were the Articles of Confederation?

1. June 6, 1799. We have given a sketch of his life. 2. Certain articles agreed upon by delegates representing the States of New Hampshire, Massachusetts Bay, Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia. They were superseded by the Constitution, "in order to form a more perfect Union."

G. W. W., Hickory Grove, Ga.:

1. Will you give the tax per gallon on all kinds of liquors? 2. The tax per pound on tobacco? Also how this Government pay more tariff on exported goods than it receives on imported goods?

1. Ale and beer per barrel of 31 gallons, $1; brandy and whisky, per gallon, 90 cents; wines and champagne (imitation) not made from grapes grown in the United States, per dozen bottles of more than a pint and not more than a quart, $2.40; imitation wines, containing not more than one pint, per dozen bottles, $1.20. 2. Eight cents. 3. The value of imports in 1883 amounted to $751,670,305; of exports, $355,659,735.

Sub., New Hampshire, O.:

1. What is the meaning of Congressman-at-large? 2. Do National Banks receive money on deposit? 3. If so, should they break up, would they be like a private bank? 4. Please explain the meaning of the term grain gambling.

1. When it is known a State is entitled to more Representatives in Congress, and the Districts have not been changed, the new members are elected by the entire State. 2. Yes. 3. There is no more protection for depositors than in a private bank. 4. Buying or selling grain which is never intended to be delivered—or in other words, betting on what the price of grain will be a month, three months or six months from the time the alleged "sale" takes place.

W. W. C., Fairmont:

1. Will you please give a sketch of the life of John Howard Payne? 2. Was he ever exiled?

1. He was born in New York in 1792. His precocity was wonderful. At 13, while clerk in a counting house, he edited a weekly paper, and in 1807 he published 25 numbers of a periodical. In 1809 he appeared in the Park Theater, New York as "Norval," making a decided "hit;" he next appeared in Boston, and in the following Spring played "Hamlet" and other leading parts in New York. In 1812-13 he played in London, and while there produced a host of dramas, in one of which, "Clari, or the Maid of Milan," occurs his favorite song of "Home, Sweet Home," which made the fortunes of all except the author. In 1826-27 he edited in London a dramatic paper called the Opera Glass. His tragedy of "Brutus" was successfully produced at Drury Lane in 1818. He returned home in 1832; appointed Consul to Tunis in 1841; recalled in 1845; reappointed in 1851, and died at his post in 1852. The United States Government erected a monument over his remains at Tunis; his bones were recently brought to this country and reinterred, a full account of which event was published at the time. 2. No.

M. H., Arthur, Ill.:

1. Who was Walker, the noted filibuster? 2. Where can Charles Lyell's works on the antiquity of man? 3. Where can I get the anti-slavery document, entitled "Helper's Book?"

1. Walker was a Tennessean, born in 1824; studied, but never practiced medicine; afterward studied law in Nashville; removing to New Orleans he became editor of the Crescent. In 1850 he went to California, and became one of the editors of the San Francisco Herald, and afterward a lawyer at Marysville. In 1853 he organized an expedition for the conquest of Sonora, on the failure of which he surrendered himself to the United States officers in San Diego, was tried, and acquitted. In June, 1855, with 62 followers, he landed at Realejo, Nicaragua, and after gaining two battles, took possession of Granada, and was appointed General-in-chief of the Republic. Hostilities with Costa Rica having broken out, he was defeated March 20, 1856, but April 11 gained an advantage which put a temporary stop to the war. June 25 he caused himself to be elected President. By his arbitrary acts a powerful insurrection was excited, and May 1, 1857, after several battles, Walker was obliged to surrender himself to Com. Davis, by whom he was taken to the United States. November 11 he again landed in Nicaragua, but December 8 was compelled by Com. Paulding, of the U. S. Navy, to surrender, and was taken a prisoner to New York. In June, 1860, Walker again went to New Orleans, landing at Truxillo June 27. In a proclamation to the people of Honduras he informed them that he was making war, not on them, but on their government. He was captured September 3, brought back to Truxillo, condemned by a court-martial, and shot. 2-3. Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo, O.

A. F. W., Ashland, Ill.:

1. Please give a sketch of Lord Byron, giving his true name, and whether his title came from his grandfather or uncle. 2. Who was Lord George Gordon?

1. Full name, George Gordon Byron; born in London, January 22, 1788. His great uncle, William, Lord Byron of Rochdale and Newstead Abbey, died in 1798 without direct heirs, and George succeeded to the titles and estates. The estates were large, but much encumbered, and Lord Byron, on coming of age, with an income of £1,500, owed £10,000. He afterwards became rich, however, and advanced large sums to the Greek Committee, in whose cause he enlisted, and was appointed Commander of an expedition against Lepanto, which never sailed. February 15, 1824, while in Missolonghi, he was seized with a convulsive fit, from which he partially recovered, but relapsed, and died April 19. His body was embalmed and sent to England; but the Dean of Westminster refused permission for its interment in Westminster Abbey, and it was buried in the family vault, near Newstead Abbey. Byron's father was a dissipated, reckless man, and his mother ungainly in person, with a narrow intellect and violent temper. She was a Scottish heiress, but most of her fortune went to pay the debts of her worthless husband. Byron was one of the greatest masters of the English language, but his every day life was a scandal and disgrace. 2. A political agitator, who died in Newgate prison in 1792. He was the head of the Gordon or "No Popery" riots in London in 1780, when about 500 people were killed. He is supposed to have been insane.

S. R. H., Mendon, O.:

Can a widow draw a pension for the time she was a widow until she married again, providing the claim is justly due her?

Yes.

Sub., Cohoes, N. Y.:

What is the duty on imported iron per ton?

Iron ore, 75 cents per ton; iron in pigs, wrought and scrap iron, etc., three-tenths of one cent per pound; iron railway bars, weighing more than 25 pounds to the yard, seven-tenths of one cent per pound; round iron, in coils or rods, one and two-tenths cents per pound; polished, planished, or glanced sheet iron, 2½ cents per pound.

T. M. L., Palmerville, Ky.:

1. Give a sketch of the rise and progress of the Roman Catholic Church. 2. What was the gunpowder plot?

1. The history of the Church begins with the pastoral commission given after Christ's resurrection to the Apostle Peter, who, according to Catholic ecclesiastical traditions, sealed his apostolic labors with martyrdom at Rome, in the year 67, on the same day as the Apostle Paul. St. Mark, the evangelist, founded the church at Alexandria. At the end of the apostolic age the Christian religion was widely spread, chiefly throughout Asia Minor and some more distinct provinces, Greece, the adjacent islands, Italy and Egypt. Gaul is believed to have been partially evangelized in that age, and Spain is said to have been visited by the Apostle Paul. In the early part of the second century the countries on the left bank of the Rhine, as far as Belgium, had received the Gospel. A council of 70 African Bishops was held at Carthage toward the end of the century, and 90 Bishops assembled in Numidia. The fourth century witnessed the conversion of the Emperor Constantine. By his mandate a council of Bishops was called at Nice, when about 318 convened in the year 325, and proclaimed Christ to be God, consubstantial to the father. The history of the church since that time is in a great measure the history of the world, and we have not the space for it. The membership now is placed at 201,000,000, over 6,000,000 being in the United States. 3. A plot to destroy King James I. and members of Parliament, November 5, 1605. We have heretofore given the history of the plot.

J. F. K., Riverton, Ill.:

1. Please give a brief history of Paul Revere, and what became of him. 2. Also please give a brief account of what became of Gen. Prescott, one of the Generals in the battle of Bunker Hill.

1. He was born in Boston, Jan. 1, 1735, and died there May 10, 1818. He was of Huguenot descent, and was brought up to his father's trade of goldsmith. In 1756 he was a lieutenant of Artillery, and was stationed at Fort Edward. On his return he established himself as a goldsmith, and acquiring, unaided, the art of copperplate engraving, was, at the revolutionary outbreak, one of the four engravers then in America. He was one of the grand jury which refused to act because of the action of Parliament in making the Judge independent of the people. In 1775 he set up a powder mill, which he operated with complete success. He was one of those who planned and executed the destruction of the tea in Boston harbor, and on the night of April 18, 1775, Warren sent him by way of Charleston to give notice of the British expedition to Concord. He was Lieutenant-Colonel of a regiment of artillery in the State service. After the war he was engaged in the casting of church bells and cannon, and erected the extensive works at Canton, Mass., for the rolling of copper, which business is continued by his successors, the Revere Copper Company. 2. He served in the army for two years, and was present as a volunteer at the battle of Saratoga in 1777. After this he returned to Pepperell, where he held a large estate, and subsequently served for several years in the Legislature. He died October 13, 1795.

Delayed Subscriptions.

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Letter containing $1, no address, signed C. B. Throckmorton. Pictures of the papers to go to Providence, no State given.

Letter containing $1, no date, orders specimen copies for Thos. Jones, D. H. Burnett and others.

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Letter containing $1, dated at Elmwood, no State and no name signed.

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Letter containing $1, from New Lisbon, Wis., no order or name.

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Letter containing $1, dated at Hamilton, no State, signed J. S. Walpole.

Letter containing $1, dated at Blue Creek, no State, signed Jacob Pike, P. M.

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Letter containing $1 90, no date, papers for F. Brown and J. A. Montgomery, signed R. A. Montgomery.

Letter containing $1, dated at Odalville, W. Va., no signature.

Letter containing 30c, dated at Rayville, no Date, signed Jane E. Kidd.

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Letter containing $1, dated at Edinburg, Ill., no signature.

Will Wm. Baker, who claims to have sent us money on December 24, please give us his full address, and we will look the matter up.

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THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubs.

D. R. LOCKE, Editor.
JOHN McELROY, Associate Editor.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

FIRST PAGE.
Columns 1—Poetry.
" 1&2-3—Court and Camp.
" 3-4—Pioneer Life.
" 5-6—Humor.

SECOND PAGE.
Columns 1—Humor.
" 2-3-4—Nasby in the South.
" 4-5—Miscellany.
" 6-7-8—Camp Fire.

THIRD PAGE.
Columns 1-2-3—Answers to Correspondents.
" 4-5-6-7-8—Advertisements.

FOURTH PAGE.
Columns 1—Editorial Paragraphs.
" 2—Review of the Week.
" 3-4-5-6—Editorial on Leading Topics.
" 7-8—Current Events.

FIFTH PAGE.
Columns 1—Correspondence.
" 2-3-4—Miscellany.
" 5-6—Judge Flanders, of New York.
" 7-8—Advertisements.

SIXTH PAGE.
Columns 1-2-3-4—The Household.
" 5-6-7-8—The Young Folks.

SEVENTH PAGE.
Columns 1-2—The Farm.
" 3-4—The Sunday School.
" 5-6-7-8—News of the Week.

EIGHTH PAGE.
Columns 1-2-3-4—News of the Week (continued.)
" 5-6-7-8—The Markets—Advertisements.

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TO THOSE NOT SUBSCRIBERS.

We ask all persons who are not regular subscribers to the BLADE, and who may chance to see this number, to give it a careful and critical examination. It is the largest paper in the world for *one dollar per year*, containing more interesting department matter not to be found elsewhere, besides all the news and markets. "Nasby in the South" will interest every reader. The HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT is worth double the subscription price to every family. A new serial story will commence next week. If you like this number, remit us your dollar.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

The papers upon "Health and Beauty," by Miss Emily S. Bouton, which were such an attraction in the HOUSEHOLD column last year, are now in press, and will be ready for issue about the first week in April. They have been carefully revised, and much new and valuable matter added. The book will be handsomely bound and will make a superb volume to look at, besides being what every woman in the land should have in her possession. Orders are now being filed as fast as received. Send one dollar to the Locke Publishing Company, and you will receive it post paid as soon as ready.

LAST week it was reported that several hundred citizens of Cheraw, S. C., were on a wild hunt for BOGAN CASH, a scion of one of the first families, who slipt up on a man against whom he had a grudge, and fatally shot him, mortally wounding, at the same time, an innocent bystander. It seems that the hunt was not so wild as the dispatches reported, for the murderer went quietly to his home, 20 miles away, and still remains there. The Sheriff was sent out after him, and this was what happened:

When Sheriff Spofford, armed with a warrant and accompanied by one Timmons, arrived at the Cash residence he was cordially welcomed by Col. Cash, who invited him in and expressed himself as overjoyed to see the Sheriff. He took the Sheriff and Timmons into the house, and they fared well. The old gentleman set out a decanter, and prepared toddy.

After imbibing and smacking their lips in ecstacy, they sat down to discuss the events of the day. The Colonel declared himself well pleased with his son's deed, but expressed regret that Bogan should have done such a poor shooting.

"I ought to have been there," said Col. Cash, "and if Richards don't die, I will kill him."

Col. Cash then courteously informed the Sheriff that he could not see Bogan. The Sheriff returned to Cheraw without making the arrest, and refuses to explain his strange conduct.

UNDOUBTEDLY BISMARCK will succeed in driving Minister SARGENT from Berlin. All the screeds against our Minister in the German papers, inspired directly by BISMARCK, are well-known in Europe as his favorite tactics against a troublesome opponent. Mr. SARGENT'S courage and address, and his determination to do his duty to his country, have made him hateful in the eyes of the domineering Chancellor of the German Empire, and hence the attempt to make it impossible for him to remain in Berlin. The German Liberals, and all of BISMARCK'S opponents are rallying around our Minister, but while this is desirable in some ways, in others it adds to his embarrassment. Mr. SARGENT has good staying qualities, apparently, for as yet he has given no hint of a desire for a recall, but this is only a question of time.

"AT dinner, in Cincinnati," writes a Cleveland *Leader* correspondent, "MATTHEW ARNOLD remarked that American women looked pale, unhappy and careworn. A lady at his side said: 'If you look about you, Mr. ARNOLD, you will see that the ladies here to-day are as carefree and happy as it is possible for people to be.' The teacher of lucidity raised his eyeglass and, gazing critically, said in a surprised tone: 'Well, upon my soul, Mrs. ARNOLD is the only care-worn one in the room.'"

EL MAHDI'S recent inactivity is explained by the fact that to accommodate the sheikhs of the principal tribes who wanted to go home to attend to the harvesting, he proclaimed a holy truce ending on the anniversary of the birth of the Prophet. He is now ready to resume operations. EL MAHDI has a long head.

OUR navy contains 1,562 officers of the various grades sufficient to supply the needs of 70 vessels, but as the country has now only 31 ships in commission most of them are obliged to do shore duty.

THE Sultan does not propose to have any Nihilist nonsense in his. Every time he gets a threatening letter some high official about the seraglio loses his head.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE long expected report of the Ways and Means Committee of the new Tariff bill was made to the House last Tuesday. Chairman MORRISON defended his bill as a measure necessary for the relief of the body of the people and calculated to benefit the great majority of the consumers of products. He did not pretend that it went as far as it should, but, on the contrary, claimed that it is a very mild measure—necessarily so, because it could not otherwise hope to become a law.

The minority report was presented by Mr. MCKINLEY. It is not long, and does not go into any specific arguments. It simply criticizes MORRISON'S bill as a whole, for its impracticability and general uselessness. The proposition to reduce the Tariff now, when the last change has been in operation for less than a year, during which time it has been scarcely possible to judge of the result, is characterized as ridiculous. The fact that not an interest in the country has asked for Tariff reduction, but, on the contrary, wants to be let alone or further protected, is strongly put, and the clamor of the Free Trade doctrinaires is slightingly alluded to. The lack of discrimination in the bill and its inequalities is also well described, and that it will be difficult of execution is claimed. That the proposed reduction will reduce the revenues is denied, as such legislation will only produce an increase of importations and a corresponding increase of Government receipts.

The bill will not come up for action for a week at least, and it is now probable that it will be debated for at least a week, and perhaps longer. It is understood that the 13 members of the Ways and Means Committee all desire to speak on it, and there will be a number of other Democrats and Republicans desirous to be heard.

IN the money market the week has been one of the dullest for the season of recent years. The plethora of money still continues and the interest rate is very low. The disastrous "Lackawanna corner" paralyzed the stock market, and it continues in a state of coma. The result is an exceedingly steady, not to say strong, market, but at the same time a dreadfully dull one. Not for months have transactions been so limited or fluctuations so feeble. The exports of specie show conspicuously in the New York bank statement for the week. An item which is encouraging as far as it goes is the increase in the loans. There is also a decrease in the deposits. It appears, therefore, that there has been a slight growth in the demand for money to be used in business.

SINCE the defeat of OSMAN DIGNA he has been busy collecting his forces at Tamanieb, but has now fortified himself at Sinkat declaring his intention to again fight the English. He has two cannons and 1,000 rifles, and is said to have enrolled 6,000 men.

GENERAL GORDON, still at Khartoum, is recommending the forming of the nucleus of a Soudanese army there by recruits from the Moslems of India. Meanwhile his proclamation tolerating slavery in the Soudan is causing a great deal of difficulty to the Government because the Conservatives have seized it to work with. It was, of course, a shock to the people at large, but there is no doubt but General GORDON who is well known as a most bitter opponent of slavery knew what he was doing and what would give him the only chance of keeping his influence with the wild tribes he had to deal with. His proclamation will probably in the end be the means of terminating it entirely, for whatever tends to strengthen English influence, will strengthen English power for future movements.

IT is reported that the French have begun a forward movement upon Bacninh which will be likely to bring on a conflict with the Chinese. The town itself is of small importance but it is in the hands of the latter and commands the main road leading from the upper delta to China, and for that reason its possession is held to be of moment. The next news will probably be of a fight.

THE Reichstag has begun its session and its opening was marked by a decidedly stormy discussion over the Lasker resolutions of the American Congress and their rejection by BISMARCK. The Liberals spoke very decidedly as to this step on the part of the Chancellor, and were, of course, fiercely answered by his party.

A GREAT deal of excitement has been caused in France by what is looked upon as a plot to kill the Comte de Paris. A package was handed into the railway parcel office and found to contain an infernal machine. It was examined by the officials in consequence of the wrapping becoming undone, and the suspicious appearance which it thus presented.

THE Parnellites are exceedingly disturbed because the Government refuses to reopen the Irish land question. They intend to begin a great agitation in Ireland.

THE Czar of Russia and the Emperor of Germany are going to get together and consult as to what can be done with the Anarchists who are plotting against their authority. The meeting is not to be until June 20, so that the Anarchists will have time to get in considerable work before it comes off.

DOCTORS are at a discount in Servia. Their places are supplied by "wise women" called "babes." The way these women cure congestion of the lungs is to give the patient three apples grown on the same bough which are supposed to have some mysterious connection with the Trusty. If that don't do, they put the sick person on the ground, march around him sprinkling salt and saying over cabalistic. After that, whether he either gets well or dies, their duty is done.

TROUBLE seems to be brewing in South Africa. One of the native Chiefs objects to having his territory incorporated in the Transvaal, but the Boers are determined to whip him in. The British will protect the Chief in the assertion of his rights.

THE annual rainfall in this country is highest in Alabama, it being 56 inches. It would seem as if it might be highest somewhere about the Ohio River from the way it shows up every Spring.

JOAQUIN MILLER advises that the Mormons be let alone. That is what would exactly suit them no doubt.

A MAN WHO THINKS HE CAN PLAY WITH A RATTLESNAKE WITH SAFETY—55 YEARS OF BEER.

The following letter explains itself:

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade

I have always liked the BLADE, but your articles on beer are all bosh. I am now over 69 years old, and have drunk beer all my life without feeling any of the bodily rotting symptoms you speak of. I am in good health, like beer, and believe I shall drink it for many years to come, notwithstanding your attempts to pulverize it.

Yours, ——.

It is difficult to comment properly upon a statement of this kind, because the man who makes it deliberately asserts that he is an exception to all rules, that he is different from all mankind, that the experience of ages does not apply to him, that what has happened to humanity since the creation cannot happen to him, and that he is constructed differently from every other man on the globe.

This is what every man asserts who says he has used alcoholic stimulants till he has reached the age of 55 years, with out injury.

It is possible that our friend don't know whether he is hurt or not. The fact is he isn't dead yet. He may have some sort of an idea of what he is, but he certainly cannot say what he might have been had he lived differently. That is something that he knows nothing about, and therefore his statement is worth nothing.

Every physician and every scientist who has made a study of the physical and mental organization of man will tell him that no man can violate any of the laws of nature without taking from himself something which he can never get back. This is true of the physical, mental and moral man. No matter what a man's religious belief may be, there are certain rules of morals which if he violates he pays the penalty for, and no matter what his ideas of physical life may be there are rules governing just as inflexible, the violation of which brings a penalty just as certain. The indomitable ambition and the wonderful will of NAPOLEON impelled him to labor when he should have slept, and he died young. An unusually strong constitution may enable a man to eat or drink too much for years, but he pays the penalty in a shortened life and a premature old age. A man may drink so much beer a day and live for an hundred—without it he would have lived to be an hundred and fifty.

It is all nonsense for any man to set himself up against facts which the experience of centuries have demonstrated. Our correspondent is not combating our assertions—he is fighting science and experience. Man was not made for stimulants. Every particle of a stimulating taken nature into the system diseases it. Any physician will testify to this even though in his weakness he uses them himself. Some weeks ago we published statements from a large number of the best physicians in the United States, men who had had years of experience in addition to the learning acquired from books, and the testimony was all to one point. Some of these physicians are beer-drinkers themselves, and none of them are especially Temperance men. But every one of them asserted that no man can use the stuff without material damage, that it is death sooner or latter, and that mentally, morally and physically it is a curse to the user.

Why should any man claim that he is an exception to the recognized and acknowledged rule? Has he a liver to congest? Has he kidneys to enlarge? Has he a mind to stupefy? Has he a stomach to derange? Has he no moral sense to deaden and finally destroy? Is he without any of these attributes? To say that he can use what is certain to accomplish these results in men who have these organs and attributes is to say that nature made an exception in his case and brought him into the world without liver, kidneys, stomach, or mental or moral faculties. Possibly it is so. We don't know.

But this we do know. We know that the habitual users of beer, those that come under our observation, are not only the worse for it, but they are terribly the worse. We know that they become diseased mentally, physically and morally. We know that beer means, first the drainage of everything they earn by their labor at the beginning, and finally that it incapacitates them from labor. We know that the beer drinker is not as good a citizen, as good a father, husband or son, as the abstainer. We know that even in moderation it is an unmitigated curse to him, that it makes him a terror to his family and the dread of the community. We know that it fills the almshouses and jails, and is the educator for the penitentiary and the gallows.

We admit that all men who use beer do not come to want or to crime, for some men are so constituted that they can restrain themselves and partake of evil in that sort of moderation that will keep them within some sort of bounds for a long time, but even those are the worse for it, while to ninety in a hundred it is mental, moral and physical death.

It does good to nobody—it is death to the vast majority. There are degrees in the damage it inflicts, but it is damage in its best estate. It is the one thing in life of which it may be truly said that it is an unmixed evil.

There are those of such a heavy, soggy nature, that even beer does not seem to make them much more heavy and soggy. There are men of so coarse a fiber that they can endure and get on, in their way, what would kill another in no time. And there are strong, wiry natures who may inflict upon themselves any amount of punishment without any apparent effect for a time. But these always come to grief. No man can violate the inflexible law with impunity. It is only a question of time with all the classes.

This has been said thousands of times, but upon such as our correspondent it will have no effect. He is, doubtless, so constituted that he can labor and work, and probably well, under a given amount of beer a day, and will so continue for years. His liver will give out under it, in time, but he will never know it. He will die, but he will never realize what killed him. Such men will drink to the end, believing all the time that while the ninety and nine go down to ruin they, the hundredth, can violate laws of nature with impunity.

These lines are not written for such—for such cannot be saved.

But the young—those who are not yet so helpless in the grasp of vice that they are at the point of apologizing for it—they ought to know exactly what they are doing when they are trifling with it. They ought to know that when they use stimulants, whether they come in the shape of mild wine, stupefying beer, or maddening whisky, they are deliberately taking upon themselves a habit which has only one end—disease, wretchedness, misery and death. They ought to know that the habit which is pleasant to-day, ceases to be a luxury to-morrow; that what is a luxury this month becomes a necessity the next, and that it progresses as surely as fate from a necessity to a burden, from a burden to a horror. They ought to know that the alcoholic appetite is one that grows in the human system as certain as the sapling becomes a tree, and that once implanted it is entirely beyond control; that it saps the strongest will and bears down the most stubborn nature. They ought to be taught that it is something that cannot be trifled with, and that only in total abstinence from it is there any safety.

And knowing this, those who have them in charge, those who have them to watch over, ought to wage an unceasing, bitter, relentless warfare against those scourges of humanity, who, for gain, make it a business to seduce the young into this infernalism, who use every possible device to inoculate the young with this worse than poison, those who for their own profit are engaged in the business of drunkard-making, which is to say every father and every mother, who love their children, should do whatever in them lies to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

LINCOLN ON PORTER.

The report by Mr. LEONARD SWETT, the life-long intimate friend of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, of his conversation with that truly great man in regard to FITZ-JOHN PORTER has produced a profound sensation, as it should. This is Mr. SWETT'S statement:

"That," said he [Lincoln] "is the record in the Fitz John Porter case."

The trial had then just closed, and the record of the evidence taken in it was, as I understand, before him for action.

"You know," said he, "if I know anything it is what evidence tends to prove and when a thing is proven. I have read every word in that record, and *I tell you Fitz John Porter is guilty and ought to be shot.*

"He was willing the poor soldiers should die while he from sheer jealousy stood within hearing of their guns waiting for Pope to be whipped."

This was the verdict of all loyal men at the time, and of its righteousness there is no reasonable grounds of dispute. FITZ JOHN PORTER does not want justice—he wants whitewashing. Justice would have him ignominiously shot,—even at this day, and "by a squad of crippled soldiers," as GARFIELD once happily remarked, when speaking of the traitor's case.

With all the rascally juggling of orders which has characterized FITZ-JOHN-PORTER'S presentation of his case, with all the foreshortening in maps, and falsehood about the darkness of the night, etc., the fact cannot be obscured that if he had been half as loyal to POPE as LONGSTREET was to JACKSON, the latter would have been utterly crushed, the Army of the Potomac and the people of the North would have been cheered by a glorious victory, and the war would have been shortened a year. Because he did not do this—because he did not perform his duty as a soldier in a great emergency, the old Copperheads and Rebels who now constitute a majority of Congress, propose to insult every loyal soldier in the country by restoring him to the Army with a rank greater than the mass of officers who performed inestimable services during the war, and a free gift of $75,000. If this is done it will be an infinite outrage.

THE BEER BOSSES ORGANIZING.

The Associated Press informs us that the United States Brewers' Association is organizing to take active part in the campaign this Fall, and that they talk with great confidence of what they propose to accomplish. They say, with entire truth, that they have control of large blocks of voters everywhere, and in many places—notably the larger Cities—they can throw the elections which way they choose.

This announcement at this time is intended as a threat to the Republicans, that if they persist in their warfare against the Rum Power they will have to encounter its solid weight thrown against them, not only in the local and State elections but in the Presidential contest. The Democrats on the other hand, are encouraged to take a firmer stand in defense of Body-Rotting, by the expectancy of receiving such powerful support.

It will be a very grave mistake to underestimate the effect of the entrance of this enormous power into the campaign. We know from past experience what an organization of Beer Bosses for political purposes means. We know that it brings a pressure to bear equal to that of the Southern bull-dozers. Not only are the employes of the breweries forced to do as their masters direct, but the hordes of saloon-keepers and their myrmidons. But this is only the beginning. Everybody nearly or remotely connected with beer, are forced to put on the yoke, and labor at the Beer Bosses' chariot.

Thus we see ice dealers, cigar-makers, butchers, bakers, coopers, bottlers, and retail merchants of all kinds, with their army of employes and dependants, forced to come out openly and work and vote for the Beer Boss ticket, under pain of being put on the black list, and boycotted out of business. It is in this way that we have seen the Beer Bosses defeat the Sunday and early-closing laws, and elect all sorts of officials from Police Commissioners up to Judges and Governors pledged to do their disgraceful bidding.

The attempt to extend this frightful system of slavery over the whole Nation would be inconceivably alarming, were it not for the fact that the people are everywhere awakening to the danger that threatens them. They see that they have slept too long, while the Beer Bosses were hard at work fettering them in a more degrading bondage than the blacks of the South endured. Now the end is certain. The Rum Power will be pulverized, as such an insolent menace as this organization of the Brewers, with its trumpet-blowing of defiance to the Nation's sense of decency and right only fans still higher the flames of the fierce indignation in which the Body-Rotters will shrivel up and disappear.

THE Philadelphia *Press* thinks that BAYARD, going to the Chicago Convention with the little delegation from Delaware, expecting to capture the nomination, will be a good deal like a boy going to a picnic with two cookies, expecting to get three kinds of pie.

THE new constitution of Montana is harsh. It prohibits Legislators riding on free passes. This takes away much of the encouragement to young men in Montana to adopt a public career.

PENNSYLVANIA and West Virginia may be redeemed from the Democracy this Fall.

PHILOSOPHY TEACHING BY EXAMPLE.

On one side of the Rhine lies the Republic of France. On the other the Empire of Germany.

The people on either side of the great historic river are equally industrious, equally frugal, and equally capable of money-making. Both have inhabited their respective countries for centuries.

Yet the Germans are among the poorest peoples of Europe, while the French are, next to the English, the richest.

Why is this difference?

Simply because from the earliest days France has followed an undeviating system of protecting and developing her manufactories, while Germany—for centuries torn and held asunder by the machinations of English and French diplomats, who wanted to secure her trade for their own countries—was never allowed to have a Protective Tariff. She was not allowed to manufacture anything that it would be profitable to England or France to make.

Consequently, up to within the few years in which Germany has been in a position to have a Tariff, German manufactures have been of the cheapest, commonest goods, upon which there was the least profit to anybody, maker or seller. To say that any manufactured article was "German" was to stamp it inferior in material, coarse in design and clumsy in workmanship.

"French goods," and "English goods" were always synonymous, on the other hand, of what was best in the way of design, make and material. At the Centennial Exposition the inferiority of the German goods to the French and English exhibits produced the bitterest confessions of the German Commissioners over what they were termed the "cheap and nasty" products of German workshops.

But all this is rapidly changing since Germany has become so united as to be able to have a national policy. Under the encouragement of the Government KRUPP has built up at Essen the greatest steel and iron works of the world. Where formerly to say a knife or an implement was made of "German steel" was to condemn it as nearly worthless, to call a thing now of "Krupp steel" is to pronounce it the best of its kind.

The same is true of other branches of manufactures. In 1823 Germany sent to England alone 280,000 cwt. of raw wool, to pay for the cloths and other manufactured goods which she bought from that country. In 1880 she had to import 1,275,106 cwt. of wool for her own manufacturers, and she exported in that year over 400,000 cwt. of woolen cloth.

The paper manufacture has also developed enormously, though still Germany imports great quantities of English and French papers.

Thus, all over her land, Germany has the well-paid and wealth-producing artisan and operative taking the place of the poverty-stricken peasant; the man whose skilled hammer produces more wealth in a day than the "bauer's" hoe can in a month is everywhere, and consequently Germany is rapidly rising in material prosperity toward the proud position occupied by her ancient enemy and oppressor—France.

OUR MINISTER TO GERMANY.

Matters are beginning to assume a rather serious aspect with regard to the treatment of our Minister, Mr. SARGENT, at Berlin. Evidently, BISMARCK is deeply angered at him personally, and seems determined to give vent to his spite, no matter what the effect may be upon the relations of the two countries. The Government press leaves no opportunity unimproved to attack Mr. SARGENT and abuse him in every possible way. So far has this sort of thing gone, that it is time that the United States Governmene resented it by recalling him and letting Germany understand that there is a limit to endurance of such insults. Of course BISMARCK is at the bottom of it all. He is the inspiration of the outrageous assaults upon Mr. SARGENT, but the German Government is responsible.

The trouble owes its origin to the publication of his confidential letters to the State Department. It will be remembered that he sent a report regarding the exclusion of American pork from Germany, and denounced in vigorous terms the policy which dictated it. It was not a letter intended for the public but simply for the information of the Secretary of State. It was published, and of course quickly copied in German newspapers. The reflections upon the Chancellor, and upon the political system of the country were not calculated to please, and their effect has been to render Mr. SARGENT'S position a most unpleasant one. The fact that the letters were confidential and should never have been published does not improve his position or diminish BISMARCK'S enmity.

The Lasker resolution affair was simply an outgrowth of the feeling already existing. BISMARCK only made it a pretext for showing his anger at Minister SARGENT'S strictures, at least that is the appearance which it puts on to people generally. From cable reports, that matter seems likely to cause considerable trouble at home, as German Liberals are exceedingly angry over his action, and denounced him in no measured terms in the Reichstag. Of course this was resented by the Conservatives and a violent uproar followed.

Whatever action, if any, is taken in regard to the resolutions, it is certain that the Government should assert itself in protecting its accredited Minister to a foreign Court, more especially as he has done nothing which ought to have laid him open to such violent abuse.

ILLUSTRATED BIBLE BIOGRAPHY.

Cloth edition at $1.35, all gone. We have about 70 copies in Library binding at $1.50 each postpaid by mail. It is a large book finely illustrated, sold formerly sold at $4.00. This is the last chance to secure a copy of the valuable work.

THE Philadelphia Bar Association think that the quality of justice dispensed in Pennsylvania would be improved if the Judges of the Supreme Court wore robes on the bench. If the means will secure the end, it is worth while trying.

THERE is the best feeling among the New York Republicans, and all the factional feeling of a few years ago has disappeared.

THE German press continues its violent abuse of Minister SARGENT. These are the kind of cusses that always come home to roost.

THE VIRGINIA QUARREL.

Two hot-headed sons of Old Virginia, both with rifled mouths of large caliber, are making the air shudder with their vociferations of mutual hostility. Both are perfect pinks of the "Code of Honah, sah," distinguished alike in record and pedigree. Capt. PAGE MCCARTY has killed at least one man on the field, has been second in several affairs, and belongs to a family that boasts of every male member having "killed his man!" The other gentleman,—Col. JOHN WISE, —has a list of personal encounters as long as a little girl's button string—some 19 we think he claims. He is also the son of the famous Gov. HENRY A. WISE, who, in the palmy days "beto' the Wah," kept an "affair" constantly on hand, with as much thoughtfulness as he maintained a barrel of prime old whisky in the cellar, and was noted for the extraordinary amount of writing and negotiation which he could pile up on a small amount of fighting. The number of duels he actually fought could be counted on the fingers of one hand, and we do not remember that one of them ever resulted fatally, but to enumerate his "challenges," "demands for satisfaction," "cards," "letters," "answers," and similar literature of himself and opponents, would be like invoicing the leaves of Autumn.

Both of the combatants who now have public attention concentrated upon them are much spryer with their tongues than their weapons—to use the Arkansas phrase. Col. WISE has succeeded in bringing in a feature rather novel in cartel correspondence this side of the ocean. He declines to fight his opponent because the conditions are not equal. He (that is, Col. WISE) hazards much more than the other man, for he has a wife, beautiful children, a lucrative profession, and social station, none of which Capt. PAGE MCCARTY has, in spite of a man-killing ancestry and his own gory achievments; therefore, his life is a small sized stake to fling into the scale against that of the son of the man who hanged JOHN BROWN.

We remember to have met some other instances, in the history of dueling, of pleas of inequality. Thus there is the well-known story of the big fat man, who was challenged by a weazened little man and would not fight unless he was allowed to chalk out his opponent's exact size on himself, with the agreement that all shots that struck outside should no count. Then, there is the other of the man who would not fight a wooden-legged man unless he was allowed to put one of his own legs in a bee gum. A third is of the near-sighted Irishman who would not fight unless he was allowed to stand three paces nearer than his opponent—both to fire at the same time. In the European armies we believe it is customary for a Major to decline fighting a Captain, a Colonel to refuse a Major's challenge, etc., but it is on the ground that discipline requires the maintenance of the distinctions of rank.

In this country it is generally held that if a man is mad enough to really want a fight he is not going to let his wife and children or the money that he is making stand in the way.

Public sympathy is rather with WISE, however. He has all the position and character of the two, and he is on the right side. PAGE MCCARTY is a characterless, penniless bully, who, is trying to lift himself into notoriety by doing the swashbuckling for the Virginia Bourbons who mortally hate WISE, since he broke away from them and joined the Readjusters.

"IMPORTATION OF PAUPER LABOR."

A favorite theme with the Free Trade demagogs at present, is what they call the incongruity of shutting out the products of European pauper labor, while admitting the pauper labor itself, free of restriction.

This has a captivating sound which especially endears it to the men who make a profession of unfairly exciting the passions and prejudices of the ignorant and unthinking.

This sort of stuff is absurdly false and misleading in every respect.

In the first place, when we induce a pauper laborer of Europe to come hither, he at once ceases to be a pauper laborer by becoming an American citizen one of ourselves, and just as ambitious of high wages, and the comforts they will bring, as any of our own people to the manner born. The foreign born mechanics and artizans of the United States are just as strenuous in demanding high wages, as the native. The German mechanic or operative, living on the banks of the Rhine, is a competitor and an opponent of the Americans engaged in the same handicraft, but if brought to the banks of the Ohio or the Hudson, he becomes an ally. Then, too, by bringing him here we build up our own industries and help injure those of our competitors, since we get a skilled workman, free of cost of training, and impose upon our competitors the cost of training another man to take his place.

Another point of view: When this German operator is brought here he becomes a consumer of the products of the American farmer. It is true that he might have consumed some American farm products while in the Fatherland, but they were small in amount, most of his subsistence being supplied by his countrymen and the Russians. When here, however, he must buy of our farmers exclusively. His trade, on the other hand, helps them to buy more of him, so that all are mutually benefitted.

This is the whole object and aim of the Tariff system. It is intended to bring the different classes of producers closer together, that each may have more of the other's products. As long as we have to buy hundreds of millions of dollars worth of cloths, clothing, boots and shoes, and the necessaries of life abroad, it is to everybody's interest that the foreign producers of these should be encouraged to come here and set up where there can be a direct and easy exchange of the things which they produce in abundance, for those which our farmers produce.

ONE by one Mr. MORRISON sees his Free Trade roses fall. At first he was determined to put scores of things on the Free List. The Tariff Reformers who wanted the Tariff reformed wherever it helped any one else, but let alone wherever it helped them, hammered him down until they reduced the list to three articles —lumber, coal and salt, and now Mr. MORRISON says that perhaps the necessity of saving the West Virginia vote will compel him to give up salt.

MICHIGAN men are trying to get ex Gen. FERRY an appointment as Minister or Consul.

LOUISIANA is reported as solid for ARTHUR.

BISMARCK may succeed in making Minister SARGENT the next President of the United States.

OVER 2,000 miles of railroad have been built by American capital in Mexico within the past two years.

NOAH wishes to know if would is pronounced "wood" and could pronounced "cood," why isn't Gould pronounced "good"?

TRUE to their hold-back-in-the-breaching policy, the Democrats in Bangor, Me., are fighting the adoption of the standard time with genuine Copperhead virulence.

THE Onandaga Indians in New York do not want to be civilized if they have to work, and they decidedly reject the new arrangements proposed for them, which would involve that change in their habits.

THE anarchists in France have been putting in some work lately in the way of urging the workingmen to a demonstration against the Government, in order to compel something to be done for those who are unemployed.

THE Republican prospects are brightening in Tennessee. In 1876 the Republican vote in that State was only 56,000. It has steadily grown from year to year since then, until at the last election it was 108,000, or within 4,000 of a majority.

GERMAN-AMERICANS in the House of Representatives are determined that the insult to the United States by BISMARCK in the matter of the Lasker resolutions, shall be wiped out, and they declare that no milk and water policy will be tolerated.

THE Canadian Government will send an expedition to Hudson's Bay with a view to establish a Hudson's Bay route to Europe as an outlet to the trade of the Northwest. This is a good deal more sensible than hunting up the North Pole.

PHYSICIANS say that the excessive use of tobacco is what is producing such an increase in the number of midgets and dwarfs. That may be but how can a reform be urged that will deprive so many snowmen of a means of making money?

SAMUEL TILDEN'S brain may be, as is laimed, just as robust and active as it ever was, but as a rule when men lose sight, hearing, voice and physical strength to go up and down stairs without help, their brains share in the general dilapidation.

GEN. STONEMAN has made as bad a failure politically as he did as a military man. The California papers which were enthusiastic advocates of his when a candidate on the ANTI-MONOPOLY ticket, are now gravely asking each other whether he is a consumate rascal or merely a fool.

THE Democratic Boston *Post* thinks that even were it not absurd on account of his age to think of nominating PAYNE for the Presidency, it would be the height of folly and ingratitude to go to Ohio for a candidate and take any other man than the old Roman, ALLEN G. THURMAN.

RANDALL is certainly in the Presidential fight. He is arranging his "headquarters" in Chicago, and thinks he will enter the convention with the solid vote of Pennsylvania behind him. If he does so he will certainly get much help frem New York and the South, where it is hardly expected at present.

A "Jesse James Gang" composed of school boys in the quiet Town of Quincy, Mass., its Captain being the son of a leading business man there, has been committing a series of robberies, which have just been traced to them. The gang was organized upon a plan found in some dime novels which the Captain had been reading and loaned to others. Another example of the effects of pernicious literature.

WILL our friends send us the names of their friends, to whom we may send specimen copies? We don't care how many—the more the better. We will send out a million if we can get the addresses. Send us as many as you choose, no matter how widely apart they may be. The BLADE circulates in every State in the Union, and the seed never falls upon barren ground.

THE Springfield, Mass., *Union* thinks that ROBERT LINCOLN, of Illinois, and GEORGE D. ROBINSON, of Massachusetts, would be a ticket "making as little change as possible from the present safe and satisfactory administration of the Government, and at the same time avoiding the antagonism that is being so industriously threatened in New York and elsewhere by those who are opposed to Pres. ARTHUR," and be "cordially and enthusiastically supported and triumphantly elected."

RANDALL modestly owns that he has been neglecting the appropriation bills to organize the Democrats for a raid on Mr. MORRISON, and that he has succeed so well that 55 members are pledged not only to vote against the Illinois statesman's Tariff bill, but to prevent its consideration even. He found his men in the following States: Connecticut, 3; New Jersey, 3; New York, 12; Pennsylvania, 12; Ohio, 9; West Virginia, 1; Alabama, 4; Maryland, 1; California, 2; Louisiana, 2.

THE Rum Power is doing its deadly work among the Bulldozers of Mississippi —Gen. J. ARGYLE SMITH, State Superintendent of Education—has, like the man who two years ago was elected as the head of the Bourbon ticket in Kentucky, such a fine appetite for whisky as to shock even such hard drinkers as the leaders of the Democracy in that State are, and resolutions have been introduced into the Legislature to impeach and remove him from office. The New Orleans *Picayune* says regretfully:

He has been twice nominated and elected to this important position by the Democratic party, and has held the office for six years and has two years more to serve. Without expressing an opinion as to whether his drunkenness has interfered with the discharge of his official duties, it is safe to say his habits were as well known when he was nominated and elected as now. He was a brave officer of the Confederate army, having resigned a position in the regular army in 1861, and rode from Salt Lake City to St. Louis on a mule, to cast his fortune and draw his sword in defense of the South. Probably a dozen applicants are perched and waiting for the carcass to fall, ready to pounce down upon the place made vacant by his removal.

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

We this week fill all orders for the Steel Engraving received up to February 2. We shall mail another installment next week.

CURRENT EVENTS.

By a vote of 269 to 1 the House passed the Naval Appropriation bill, which appropriates something like $16,000,000.——The Prohibition State Convention at Columbus, O., arranged for delegates to the National Convention at Pittsburg, May 21, and passed resolutions. There were expressions of hostility to the Scott Liquor law.——The Wisconsin Republican Convention, to elect delegates to the National Convention, will be held at Madison, April 30.—— A strong consolidated coal and iron company has been formed at Birmingham, Ala., with an invested capital of $3,250,000.——Measles last month carried off over 100 children of the Zuni Indians in New Mexico.——During January and February $28,280,000 additional capital was put into Southern manufacturing and mining enterprises. Kentucky got $6,851,000 of it.—— Martin O. Vanfleet, Treasurer of Huron County, O., has disappeared, and there is a shortage in his accounts of $47,000. The money is supposed to have been lost in wheat speculation.—— The consumption of intoxicating liquors in Belgium has increased 66 per cent. in thirty years. Insane cases have increased 700 per cent. in the same time.——Slavery still exists in China. The female slaves are by far the most numerous. The average price is from $30 to $50 per head. Young and healthy girls of 12 sometimes fetch as high as $100.——Eggs to the value of $75,000,000 annually are consumed in this country, of which $18,000,000 are chargeable to the City of New York.—— Land in New Jersey is said to be more valuable per acre than anywhere else in the Union, yet a tract of 44,000 acres in Atlantic County recently sold for $26,000, or 60 cents the acre.——The sum of £40 was recently paid at Glasgow for the MS. of Burns' "Holy Willie's Prayer."——The Iowa Legislature finally settled the Prohibition controversy, the bill having now passed both Houses and been signed by the Governor. It takes effect July 4, after which the manufacture and sale of all kinds of spirituous and malt liquors in the State will be outlawed.—— The Senate Committee on Public Lands will report in favor of the forfeiture of the Texas Pacific lands assigned to the Southern Pacific Company.——The Ku Klux case in the Supreme Court has been decided against the petitioners for a habeas corpus, and the Ku Kluxers will remain in jail.—— The State of Maryland charges $4.50 for a marriage license, and a bill reducing the charge to 50 cents has been deferred indefinitely in the State House of Delegates.—— William G. Weld, of Philadelphia, who has increased the large fortune inherited from his father, the late W. F. Weld, of both Boston and Philadelphia, is now worth $8,000,000.——Ulysses S. Grant, jr., has purchased from Abraham H. Jones six apartment houses on the north side of Seventy-third street, about 100 feet west of Second avenue, New York, for $165,000.——Near Weymouth has been found a piece of mahogany about 20 inches wide, which is believed to be relic of the balloon "Saladin," with which Mr. Walter Powell, member of Parliament, was lost off Bridgeport in 1882.—— A prominent oleomargarine manufacturer, who makes about 2,500,000 pounds of it every year, gives the following as his recipe: One hundred pounds of oleomargarine, 500 pounds of neutralized lard, 10 gallons of benne oil, drawn into a churn with 500 or 600 pounds of milk and 80 ounces of coloring matter, churned and worked.——Two members of a firm of London solicitors have absconded, having misappropriated the title deeds of clients to the value of between one and two million pounds.——A quantity of very old and rare silver coins in excellent preservation were lately found on a rock in a burn near Partree, Scotland. Some of the coins are of the reign of Elizabeth and James VI., and bear dates ranging from 1573 to 1602.—— Another loser at the Monte Carlo gambling tables has

Correspondence.

"WHY IS CONSTANCY RARE?"

ARETUS ANDERSON.

Brightest gem of true love born,
Pure as fairest Easter morn;
Frail Fancy wears thy counterpart;
It glows as bright, but scars the heart.

Earth will never hold thy peer;
Thou wert lost among Gods, so here
Brought by Eros ere he fell
To aiming blindly—so they tell

Once his bright eyes weary grew,
Then closed—amiss the arrow flew;
Two, who should have walked apart,
Chanced anear and felt the dart.

Long did Eros try, is vain,
All his olden skill to gain;
Nemesis, with Love at odds,
Restored the jewel to the Gods.

Eros steals it now and then;
Gleefully he shoots again—
Tipped with Constancy's pure gold,
The winged shaft's sweet tale is told.

This is how grim Fate outwits
Oft, where gentle Eros hits;
"Why so rare is Constancy?"
Love should never sleep, you see.

Written for the Blade.

Notes on Care for the Sick.

BY OWEN WRIGHT.

A chapter on the ways and means best calculated to administer relief and comfort to the afflicted person, should be studied by every family. Unfortunately the greater proportion of those whose sufferings render themselves powerless and submissive to the watchfulness and care of others, do not live in palaces, and do not hold at their command all the good things of this world; while others, not more worthy, are favorably provided with comfortable rooms and many of the rich luxuries that pertain to this life. The common mass of our people demand that the physician be equally as successful in treating the out-door patient as the one in the gorgeous chamber: an unreasonable demand.

Every soldier of our late war will testify that thousands of our fellow-comrades died in camp who would have been restored to health if they had been transported to easy beds, in commodious residences, and properly nourished. Nothing ought to be expected of the Surgeon when it is impossible for him to make an application of the remedial agents and appliances indicated in the case.

My observation leads me to believe that the first duty we owe to our afflicted brother is to see that his room is as well furnished as it can be under surrounding circumstances; next, we should keep a faithful watch over him, day and night, and administer to his various wants to the full extent of our abilities till the dangerous crisis terminates in convalescence or dissolution.

When the husband or wife, and two or three of half a dozen children are attacked of what proves to be typhoid pneumonia, and these patients are compelled to remain in the only room there is to the house, and the cold fact, not proof against rain and snow, and the mercury below zero, it is not possible to render efficient service, and be successful in attempting to meet the indications for treatment in cases under like circumstances. Still, justice demands that all available means be used to relieve human suffering, and if possible, to prevent premature death. Practitioners who drive into the country are obliged to treat poor people in old dilapidated hovels where the afflicted must suffer in consequence of cold, stormy weather. I have treated many patients where the only covering over head was a very imperfect roof, and where the floor was mostly covered with snow.

When the patient is dangerously ill, the nurse should have authority to exclude all visitors from his sight and hearing. The doctors and waiters only should have access to his room. When it is proper for certain relatives and obliging friends to be admitted, let them enter under instructions to leave the patient at once. But contrary to all reasonable expectation, 15 or 20 men, women and children are liable to crowd in to see their neighbor, with a hope of accomplishing good some way, when the life of the patient depends upon the immediate action of the wise and skilled manipulators. One word out of place from a disinterested party may cause immediate death.

Lately I treated a lady whose symptoms were alarming from the beginning. The husband retained me at his house 13 days and nights, except two hours each day. Her good friends came in to see her, and kindly offered their services to remain with the family during the few hours she might live, and to make the necessary preparations for her funeral. The husband modestly excused them, and excluded all company; but persons not interested in the case, would go to the kitchen and parlor, and inquire when and where Mrs. F. would be buried. About the seventh day, when I had but little hope of her recovery, an old hag, who was fruitful in season and out of season, came rushing into the room and thus began:

"Mrs. F. when did you get so bad? I never heard you were so bad till yesterday; Mr. ——— told me that there was no hope for your recovery."

At this point she was interrupted in her discourse and lost from our view. I turned my attention to my patient. The unexpected message borne by this monstrosity produced a terrible shock to her already nervous system, which threatened for an hour to terminate her mortal existence. Many of our loved ones who, might recover from their afflictions, die, because of an excess of loose company and unwise utterances at a time when life depends not wholly upon medicine, but very largely upon rest and sleep. The most contemptible of home and dead beats are those who volunteer their services to prescribe for the patient, and to point out the mistakes in the management and treatment of the case. Illiterate persons who are thus guilty, justly merit the contempt of all honorable citizens.

These rules should be observed in all cases where the life of the patient depends upon the wise management of the nurse, as well as the skill of the surgeon. There is a proper time when we should visit the afflicted, and that time is when the patient may be benefitted by our presence, or by our service, whatever the latter may be.

Mason, Ill.

Orange County, Florida.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade.

As I have received so many inquiries about this part of Florida, and cannot answer all, I would ask a small place in your valuable paper. First, Orange Heights is the highest part of Southern Florida. It is on the northeast side of Lake Apopka, and by examining the map of Florida you will see that there are five rivers heading near Lake Apopka, running northwest, south and east. I do not think there is any healthier place in Florida. We have good water, and the noted mineral springs of Florida are at this place. The water has been analysed and contains several mineral properties. A good many have come here from the North, and have been benefitted by the use of it. It is good for all chronic diseases. A good many from the North have bought lots here this Winter. The hotel that was built last Fall has been crowded and all private houses. We want another hotel and more private boarding houses which will pay. The cold this Winter did not hurt anything except the tender vegetables. It was the coldest I have been here in 10 years. Land is worth from $25 to $70 per acre near the Springs. The railroad will soon be completed to this place. We can have vegetables the year round. There are several large gardens being planted this Winter near this place. We will have them ready to ship by the 15th of March before the ice begins to thaw at the North. The orange crop brought a good price through this part of the country. The people are beginning to realize something for their labor.

A good many ask, Can they make a living? You can if you have got any head about you. There is not one out of 10 that come here to stay but what make money. Some ask, "Is it cheaper to make a grove, or buy one already made?" If you have the money it is cheaper to buy one that is already started and has commenced bearing. If any one wants to buy and can not come I will select the land for them free of charge, as I have done for parties, and will give reference. I have no land to sell now, and am no land agent, but if you can come I had rather you to come and look at the country for yourself. I want more settlers and am willing to help all I can.

A. P. HARMS.

Orange Hights, Orange Co., Fla.

An Admirer of the Blade.

Anderson County, Kan., Dec. 26.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

While I have always admired the BLADE for its frank, outspoken course in politics and morals, and Mr. Locke as the ablest correspondent in America, I think it is getting better every week. It is giving the whisky evil some hard blows, which, if followed up, will prove fatal.

Anderson County is near the middle of the United States. The sun shines here the greater portion of the year. Our County is dotted all over with churches and school houses. The Kansas City & Southern and Missouri Pacific Railroads run through our County Seat. R. H. CUNNINGHAM.

A Political Reminiscence.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

Nasby's experience at the meeting held at the Cross Roads February 10, reminded me of a Republican meeting which I attended some years ago in Fernandina, Fla. In the rear of the City is a small but beautiful grove, where political and other meetings are frequently held. At the meeting alluded to the grove was lighted by Chinese lanterns, and there was a very large attendance of Democrats, as well as Republicans. There were several good speakers, and the people seemed to enjoy the speeches. Just as they were about to close, a colored Methodist preacher from Live Oak, about 35 years of age, went to the platform and asked the Chairman if he might be permitted to say a few words. The Chairman answered in the affirmative. He stepped on to the platform and commenced by saying: "Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen, I will not detain you but a few minutes." He went on and spoke about 10 minutes to the satisfaction seemingly to all. On winding up he said, "I see before me in this large audience many different colors, from the black African to the white Saxon. Now, what is the cause of this difference? I will tell you—Democracy!" At that it seemed as though they would burst with laughter, all except the Democratic wives. Even the Chinese lanterns seemed to feel the effect.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Kansas, Ills., March 3.

Who Can Tell?

To the Editor of the BLADE:

I am wanting information as to Northern settlements in the South. I am thinking of hunting a home either in East Tennessee, Southwest Virginia or Northwest North Carolina. Coming as they do within sight of old Bally, the climate must be very much the same. I carried a U. S. musket through the sections named, and was charmed with the scenery in many places, but as it was during the Winter and early Spring, I could form no idea as to what the county produced in way of grass, etc., but in thinking of it since, I concluded it must be a good stock country. Who can tell us about this one? Men with whom I talked claim that as a cattle country it is superior to Kansas and the West. One thing I do remember, an abundance of pure soft water. I am told there are Northern settlements in all these localities named. Who will locate them and give me the names of parties to whom I can write? I am told the Winters are generally wet and weather very unpleasant. Is this true of the high land districts in the States named?

W. A. HOYT.

West Milton, Miami Co., O.

Presidential.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

Will you permit a humble reader and admirer of the BLADE to present to your readers two names for President and Vice-President? It is said "A Cat may look at a King;" and even the humblest citizen may be allowed to present names for the two highest offices in the gift of the people.

The names I would present are—one a citizen of Illinois, the other of Ohio—two worthy daughters of the Union, and both taken from the once happy household of the martyred President: Robert Lincoln, the son, now ably filling the post of Secretary of War; and Col. John Hay, of Cleveland, President Lincoln's Private Secretary and honest friend, who filled so satisfactorily many positions of honor and trust, at home and abroad. Both able and gifted; both known to the Nation; both scions, as we may say, of that good Republican stock the Nation delights to honor. Their nomination, in my humble opinion, would create a boom that would carry the ticket to victory. What say you Mr. Editor?

OLD REPUBLICAN.

Hamilton, Ill.

Forazing for Honey.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

The anecdote of S. E. Chandler, 24th N. Y. V., in Camp Fire of January 17, reminds me of a foraging expedition on that same march that was a little bolder than Comrade Chandler spoke of. The 140th N. Y. V., of the 5th corps, was camped at Snicker's Gap, in the Blue Ridge, while the army was resting on the march back from Antietam. Some of the boys in Co. G, in their wanderings, discovered several stands of bees at a farm-house where some General had established his headquarters. The boys determined to have some of the honey, and after dark went to their captain's tent, told him what was up, and asked his permission to go; the captain sent them to their tents, after telling them to come back with their guns and accoutrements. He then put on his sword, and when the boys returned had them fall in as a patrol and marched them to the gate in front of the house. The bee hives were standing between the gate and the house, and there was a sentry walking his beat in front of the house. The Captain went in advance of his squad and inquired of the sentry if he had seen any strange soldiers about, making believe he was out picking up stragglers. The squad in passing the bee-hives separated in two files, with the bee-hives between them, and as they passed, without making any halt, two men picked up a hive, the squad walked past the Sentry and Captain while they were talking, went to a spring house with a very deep spring in it, soused the hive in, drowned the bees, were rejoined by the Captain and all hands returned to camp without discovery. There was a large quantity of honey in the hive and Company "G" fared high the next day.

W. L. BECKWITH,
Company "G," 120th N. Y. V.,
Prescott, Adams County, Iowa.

Thursday, March 27th.

The next drawing of the Henry College Lottery comes off. Buy a ticket for only $2. You may win $30,000, or some other large sum. Address J. J. Douglas, Covington, Ky.

For the Blade.

I WONDER.

MRS. GRACE S. BURGESS.

One morn, upon an ocean wave,
I launched a boat, and cast a thought;
But when the tide came in at eve,
My treasures back it brought.

Yet skies were clear, and Hope's fair ray,
Stole o'er me, so, once more
I tried, thinking, "this time they may,
Drift to the other shore."

Upon the sand my boat doth lie,
Shattered beyond repair;
While wild waves play, and sea winds spy,
'Round the wreck their fury laid there.

The thought, I wonder if it too
Is somewhere stranded on the beach?
Or if it floated o'er the blue,
And destination reached?

Woodhull, Ills.

BODY ROT.

Col Ingersoll's Description of It and Its Effects.

There is prejudice against any man engaged in the liquor business. I believe that from the time it issues from the coiled and poisonous worm in the distillery until it empties into the hell of death, dishonor and crime, that alcohol is demoralizing to everybody that touches it, from its source to where it ends. I do not believe that anybody can contemplate the subject without being prejudiced against the crime. All we have to do is to think of the wrecks on either side of the stream of death, of the suicides, of the insanity, of the poverty, pauperism and destruction coming from alcohol; of the little children tugging at the breast of weeping, despairing, starving mothers begging for bread; of the men of genius it has wrecked, of the men struggling with imaginary serpents produced by this devilian thing; and when we think of the jails and almhouses, of the asylums, of the prisons and of the scaffolds on either bank, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against the vile stuff called alcohol.

Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes natural affection, destroys conjugal love, blots out filial attachments, blights paternal hope and brings premature age in sorrow and dishonor to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers fiends, and all paupers. It feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, invites cholera, imports pestilence, engenders consumption and covers the land with idleness, misery and crime. It produces controversies, fosters quarrels, cherishes riots. It crowds our penitentiaries and furnishes victims for the scaffold.

Alcohol is the blood of the gambler, the inspiration of the burglar, the stimulus of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight incendiary. It suggests the lie and countenances the liar, candidates the thief, encourages the blasphemer. It violates obligations, reverences fraud, turns love to hate, converts virtue and innocence. It bullies the father to brutish his helpless offspring, and the child to sharpen the parricidal axe.

Alcohol bursts up men, consumes women, destroys life, curses God and despises heaven. It suborns witnesses, nurses perfidy, defiles the jury box and stains the judicial ermine. It bribes voters, disqualifies votes, corrupts elections, pollutes our institutions and endangers the Government. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislator, dishonors the statesman and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness; and with the malevolence of a fiend calmly surveys its frightful desolation; and reveling in havoc, it poisons felicity, destroys peace, ruins morals, wipes out national honor, curses the world and laughs at the ruin it has wrought. It does that and more—it murders the soul. It is the sum of all villainies, the father of all crimes, the mother of abominations, the devil's best friend and God's worst enemy.

For the Blade.

PULVERIZE THE LIQUOR POWER.

BY E. A. BUDD.

Yes, pulverize the liquor power,
Grind it down to finest dust;
Its haunts of crime, of filth and slime,
Are doomed to fall, and fall they must.

Yes, pulverize the liquor power,
Let a Nation quick uprise,
And trample down, a boastful crown,
Begemmed with tears from mothers' eyes.

Yes, pulverize the liquor power,
Trample it to atoms fine:
Drag down the flag—the foul-stained rag,
That's waving now o'er beer and wine.

Yes, pulverize the liquor power,
Let demagogs say what they will;
Yet lay it low, strike now the blow.
That soon will level ev'ry still.

Yes, pulverize the liquor power,
Sink it down to deepest hell;
Then show the world, where it's been hurled,
And Joy will ring her gladdest bell.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

Horace Greeley's Domestic Life—His Eccentric Wife.

W. A. Croffut in Detroit Post.

It seems to me that the time when the truth about Horace Greeley's domestic life can be told without seriously hurting anybody's feelings. It has been whispered around New York a good many years, and perhaps will be less likely to be exaggerated and misunderstood if put in plain type. His domestic life was unfortunate and uncomfortable, and this was partly the result and partly the cause of his own eccentric habits.

I have met a lady this week who was intimately acquainted with the Greeley family for 20 years.

"Mrs. Greeley," she says, "had not the knack of making a home. She was always clean but never neat—never neat in appearance, I mean—because she was always washing something and always disheveled. I have seen her take her children without a garment on them, out into the street and pump water on them to wash them. When I was there one day a servant washed out an apron of her own and hung it out to dry. Mrs. Greeley jumped up and seized a carving knife, rushed out and cut the piece out of the line containing the apron and flung it to the girl, saying, 'How dare you hang your apron on the same line with my baby's clothes?' There was neatness for you!

"Yet when they lived on Nineteenth street she kept three goats in the house for the children to play with, and when I let one of my servants go there to live she came running back to me next day, saying, 'I won't live there, misses, never!' I asked what was the matter. 'Sure, I have no bed at all, but must just bunk down on a pile of hay they got for the goats.'"

"Mr. Greeley asked me one Sunday to come around in the morning and go to Chapin's with him. I went, and when I got there, there was a fracas going on in the vestibule—he and his wife and the children and the goats were all mixed up together.

"'The question is,' said Mr. Greeley, 'whether the goats shall go up Broadway with us. Mother insists that I shan't go to church unless I go at the head of a procession of children and goats. That seems more like a secular following.' I believe we got off at last without them, though Mrs. Greeley said, 'It's only your cussed pride.'"

"Mrs. Greeley had an antipathy for kid gloves—she would never put them on. I remember a bout she had with Margaret Fuller on the subject. We all met on the street, and instead of saying 'Good morning,' or some such human salutation, Mrs. Greeley touched Margaret's hand with a little shudder and said: "Skin of a beast! Skin of a beast!' 'Why, what do you wear?' inquired the astonished maiden from Maine. 'Silk,' said Mrs. Greeley, reaching out her hand. Margaret just touched it and shudered, crying, 'Entrails of a worm! Entrails of a worm!'"

"I was once in a stage with Mrs. Greeley, going up Madison avenue, when she suddenly pulled the string, whisked a tin pail out from under her shawl, and, reaching it out to Rev. Dr. Brett in the other end of the 'bus, to whom we had just bowed, said, 'You get out, please, and run to that bakery on the corner and get me 2 cents worth of yeast?' Mr. Brett laughed, but he good naturedly got out, went to the shop and brought back the coveted bread exhilarator, the driver waiting meantime, his serenity broken only by a smile. When Mr. Brett returned, he handed the little pail to Mrs. Greeley with the remark that bread was evidently kneaded, to which she replied, 'H—m!—old joke.'

"She was very eccentric—Mrs. Greeley was. He once told me that the day before, while going down to Staten Island on the ferry-boat, she walked calmly up to a passenger that was smoking, snatched the cigar out of his mouth and flung it overboard. 'I expected to be knocked down on the spot that minute,' said Greeley.

"Before the birth of Raphael, their oldest boy, she told me that she lived on raw rice altogether. She would take it by the handful and chew it up. 'I can grind it just like a mill,' she said. When Raphael was taken with his last illness, a corn of croup, Dr. Curtis, the physician, fought it for days, and finally got it to yield. 'Now he will probably live,' she said to Mrs. Greeley, 'if you keep him from taking cold. If he catches cold he dies. Keep him warm, keep the air from him, try no experiments. Any little exposure would be fatal.' In two days the mother sent for him again, and on arriving he found the child all choked up with a cold. 'What's the matter with him?' he asked. 'My God, what have you done? Taken off a warm woolen shirt and substituted a thin cotton one. The child will die. What did you send for me for? Why didn't you send for an undertaker?' Raphael died that night. She lamented him deeply. She didn't mean to hurt him, of course, but her frenzy for cleanliness was stronger than almost every other feeling.

"She once gave me some advice as to how to bring up my children. 'Let's see, said I, 'how many children have you?' 'I have two,' she said. 'And how many have you had?' 'Nine,' she answered. 'Then, thank you,' I said, 'but if it is all the same I think I'll bring up my children my way.' 'Oh, very well,' she exclaimed; 'I didn't raise children for this world, but for the next.'

"She always called her husband 'Greeley,' whether speaking to him or of him. He was afraid of her, but once in awhile he would peep out. I remember once we were assembled at Greeley's on Saturday evening, Mr. Ripley, Margaret Fuller, Dr. Curtis, I, and half a dozen others, discussing the practicability of associated homes. We talked of turning the Gramercy Park Hotel into such a one. 'It won't do,' said Mrs. Greeley, 'everybody will be falling in love with Mrs. ———,' naming me. 'Well, ma!' said Mr. Greeley, 'you'll offset that!'"

$50,000 for $2

It is offered by the Henry College Lottery, March 27th. The Prize, amounting to $50,000, or what you can get a ticket for $2. Address J. J. Douglas, Covington, Ky.

DRESSING UP THE OYSTER.

Salt-Water Pirates that Grapple the Helpless Bivalves and Suck Them Out of Their Shells.

Philadelphia Times.

Two oystermen were sitting on the end of the wharf at the foot of Spruce street, around which were anchored a dozen or more oyster boats.

"Did you ever see a star tackle an oyster?" asked the older man of the younger, who evidently didn't understand the question, for he replied: "No, I can't say as I ever did."

"Well, then you've missed something. They're the most destructive creatures you ever put eyes on."

The reporter, who only caught this scrap of the conversation, paid a visit to Thomas P. Covington, an old oyster-dealer, who explained fully the wily, wicked ways of the "star." The term "star" is only one of the nicknames given a kind of star-fish, one of the oyster's most deadly enemies, Mr. Covington furnished a description of the star-fish.

From a central disk of small dimensions radiate five pointed arms, very strong and tough. In the center of the under side of the disk is the opening for the mouth, which contains no teeth, but is surrounded by an elastic tube and guarded by the edges of the armor plates which hem it in. From the center run five furrows, one down each of the arms. The stomach, which itself is not very large, has five annexes or pouches extending down each arm.

This large internal capacity explains the gluttony of which the star-fish is capable on occasions. The destructiveness of these voracious pests has been long recognized alike by naturalists and fishermen, and many years ago the English Admiralty Court laid penalties on oyster fishers who did not destroy all the star-fish they drew up, "because that fish gets into the oysters when they gape and sucks them out."

Modern science and observation have proven that when the "star" concludes to have oysters, scallops, or other mollusks for dinner, having met his destined victim, he treacherously embraces him, folding all five arms about the unhappy victim of his deadly caresses. Protruding the strong muscular ring about the mouth of the stomach through the mouth, he seizes the newly-grown edge of the shell, called the "nib" or "bill," and breaks it off in bits until an entrance is made. The burglarious star forces into the opening thus made the distensible mouth of the stomach and seizes upon the body of the oyster within, which he at once begins to draw into his stomach. As the process goes on the star's stomach is pushed farther and farther into the shell of the oyster, until, if the latter is especially large, the auxiliary pouches are brought into requisition, and by the time the large oyster is consumed the star has practically turned himself inside out. These pests have been dredged up while engaged at dinner, with the stomach hanging out half the length of one of the arms. If put into a bucket of salt water he will gradually resume his normal condition, but if used with any violence he will throw away his dinner and draw in his stomach instantly. An illustration of the destructive powers of large numbers of "stars" is given in an invasion of Providence River, Rhode Island, in the latter part of the Summer of 1878.

They came in great schools and totally destroyed nearly all the beds in the river, occasioning a loss of $150,000 to the planters. They remained until Winter, when the water was so kill them all, but the beds destroyed were not replanted for years after this dire visitation. Another insidious foe of the oyster is the "drill" or "borer," a mollusk equipped with a ribbon-shaped tongue, which is armed with teeth. The borer drills a small hole through the shell of the oyster, and, inserting his sucking tube, feeds upon the oyster at leisure. The drum-fish, another relentless foe, has what might be termed a cobble-stone pavement in each jaw, that being a fairly accurate description of the way the teeth are set in his mouth. They grow to weigh 100 pounds, and, with their formidable teeth, can crush up young oysters at an alarming rate. The drumfish visit the Chesapeake Bay, Staten Island, and Keyport beds every Summer and destroy thousands upon thousands of oysters. The taugot, sheepshead, toad-fish, and the stingray, or "stingaree," are still other disturbers of the oyster's peace and destroyers of his life.

Even these are not all the fatalities to which the oyster is subject. Before he gets out of the egg state it is estimated that there is only one chance out of 1,145,000 that he will survive and have a chance to fall into the mouths of some of the rapacious foes enumerated and described, or, failing that, to reach a salt old age of perhaps 20 years, when old oystermen believe that death is finally caused by a continued growth of shell, until it becomes too heavy and thick for the venerable inmate to handle properly, whereupon he starves to death.

Wanted His Money.

Arkansaw Traveler.

Shortly after a fire, the other day, a colored gentleman called on an insurance agent and said:

"Wants my money, Cap'n."

"I don't owe you any money."

"Ain't yesse'f de 'shoence agent?"

"Yes, I am an insurance agent."

"Den yer owes me money, fur my sto' burned up endurin' dé late fire, sah."

"You were not insured in my company."

"De debbil I wa'n't?"

"Come, get out of here?"

"Hold on, boss, an' lemme 'splain. Wuz Mr. Jones 'shored in yer company?"

"Yes."

"Wall an' good. Now my sto' wuz jes bertwixt Mr. Jones' an' Mr. Jackson's. De walls o' dar sto's made de walls o' my sto'. If yer'd a took dar sto's erway, my sto' wouldet been gone. De insho'in' o' dar own sto's insho'ed mine, doan yer see?"

"No, I don't see."

"Den I ain't goin' ter git nothin', is I?"

"No."

"I'll recolleck dis, sah, an'-see what de cou't'll hab ter say," and turning away, he muttered: "Ef I'der knowed de company wuz so tricky, I wouldn'ter set de blame sto' afire."

It Was for the Cow.

Manufacturers' Gazette.

At the Little Rock, Ark., Telephone Exchange, lately, a call came in from a residence for a feed store.

"Hello!"

"Hello! What is it?"

"Mamma says sent up a sack of oats and a bale of hay," in a child's voice.

"Who is it for?" inquired the feed man.

"Why, for the cow," drawled the youngster and closed up, leaving the man to cuss the telephone.

A Feminine Decision.

Paris Fun.

"Ah! my poor Mme. Maffu, I am in despair. Just imagine that Faro, my dear little dog, has all the symptoms of hydrophobia; he no longer eats any thing; he foams at the mouth, and runs away when I give him water."

"It's terrible; but what do you intend to do about it?"

"Poor beast, it breaks my heart; but I am decided; as soon as he has bitten some one I will have him killed.

Love and Trust.

Philadelphia Call.

Mrs. B. (reading)—"A distinguished author remarks that it is a greater compliment to be trusted than to be loved. Does not that seem odd?"

Mr. B.—"Not odd at all."

Mrs. B.—"Why, what could be a greater compliment than to be loved?"

Mr. B.—"To be trusted, just as that author says. I am loved, am I not?"

Mrs. B.—"Of course you are."

Mr. B.—"But I can't get trust at the grocery stores."

To close healthfully you must use only health-giving articles. Honest statements guarantee Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder the purest and healthiest in this line of manufacture, and mark it first on the phosphoric, cheapest list. Buy it by the pound and see how much better and cheaper it is than everything in which it is used.

GREAT GUNS.

Gen. Grant is growing stronger physically.

Mr. Cable, the cross-singing novelist, is in Boston.

El Mahdi is so thick that even his shadow seems afraid of him.

Thomas Hood loves not the North Sea, but he likes Florida more.

Horace Conkling wears a flaming red cravat with the grace of Apollo.

Lord Lansdowne is said to look the dignity which becomes his station.

Gov. Brown, of Georgia, wears a rabbit-skin for a chest protector and a charm.

The Mayor of Houston, Texas, has served the City faithfully for four years, yet has never accepted a dollar of his salary. He enjoys the fun of working for fame.

POWDER AND SANGS.

Olive Logan writes that Mary Anderson is very happy. Wonder when the marriage will take place?

Since Ella Wheeler's engagement to an ice-dealer has been announced, her poems have grown a trifle colder.

Titian red is the popular color of hair this season, and the fair maid with chestnut locks is correspondingly happy.

Lilla N. Cushman, the fair poetess, writes a pretty poem on "What I Thought." It is hard work for a woman to keep a secret.

In California young ladies who are engaged are pointed out as heroines. They have probably taken advantage of leap year and boarded the lion in his den.

Mme. Ernst quotes this met that M. Gautier once addressed to her: "When you wish to appear beautiful and attractive consult your best lady friend, show her all your dresses and ask her to select the one you should wear and then choose another.

A wild Western warbler sings this sad strain:

"Mother, may I go out to pop?
Yes, my darling daughter;
If you fail this year you must shut up shop,
You've kept longer than you'd orter."

QUIRKS AND QUIPS.

Widow Van Cott says: "No Christian can afford to use tobacco. This looks as though Christianity kept a man poor.

Lord Coleridge has made himself unpopular in England by telling them that Americans don't live in wigwams, carry tomahawks or use scalps as currency.

The report from the Treasury Department that "the one-dollar notes are exhausted and the twos will last but a few days longer," sounds like an editorial sanctum.—*Lowell Codrier.*

The old tramp who was a "Michigan sufferer" last Summer will go on the road this Spring as an "Ohio flood sufferer." He thought once he would have to appear as a "Java earthquake sufferer," but the floods have fortunately rendered this rather far-fetched excuse unnecessary.—*Norristown Herald.*

The Yale boat crew will probably have another new stroke this year. Or, the old one, the one they used last year, turned around so as to work the other way, wouldn't be a bad stroke. They seemed to be able to get behind everything with it without any apparent effort. It was a stroke that stroked the fur the wrong way. —*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Of the late Mr. Chenery, editor of the London *Times*, Mr. Labouchere says: "He passed much of his time at Athenæum and Reform clubs, where he was more given to listen than to talk. No one would, had he not been aware of the fact, have supposed that the quiet, unassuming gentleman, whose only wish apparently was to pass unnoticed through the world, was the redoubtable editor of the *Times*."

One of our best citizens would say to the public that he has tried Hall's Catarrh Cure, and it is all that is claimed for it. Price 75 cents per bottle.

TALK OF THE TODDLERS.

"Johnnie," asked a Marathon lady of an urchin, "why don't your mother sew up that hole in your coat? It has been there two weeks now."

"Oh, she can't. She't busy sewing on a carpet, to beat Mrs Jones's."—*Marathon Independent.*

"Oh, pa, why is the belch of a chicken like Ben. Butler?"

"I don't know. Why is it, my son?"

"It's craw sighed!"

His father fainted at his son's precocity, and the boy didn't have much of a precocity either.—*Newman Independent.*

"Is tunkintel better than cake or candy, ma?" asked a little boy.

"I do not know of anything called tunkintel, my dear. Where did you hear about it?"

"Well, I heard our Lizzie telling her beau last night that she loved him more than tunkintel, so I guessed it must be something better than cake or candy?"—*Somerville Journal.*

"Johnny," said a mother to her son, "I thought your father told you to go down cellar after some coal."

"He did tell me."

"Have you gone yet?"

"No, ma'am."

"Well, did he go down himself?"

"No, ma'am, he went down cellar."—*Merchant Traveller.*

ATLANTA, GA., November 6, 1883.—I am averse on general principles to saying anything commendatory of proprietary articles, but there are a few on the market that force the profession who come in contact with the diseased and suffering to acknowledge their superiority. Among those I find Swift's Specific to rank high. One poor unfortunate requests me to tell you that he had long been a sufferer with terrible blood taint, and securing little if any relief from other treatment, finally resorted to Swift's Specific. He claims now that has afforded him relief, that he feels that his blood is pure again, and wishes me to express his deep obligations, with which I cheerfully comply.

Yours respectfully,
JOSEPH JACOBS, Druggist

WOMAN'S WAYS.

Mrs. Thumb is worth $100,000.

It ought not to be difficult to "mash" a girl with a turnip nose.—*Drake's Traveller's Magazine.*

A father-in-law in New York, after thrashing his son-in-law, has been congratulated by a magistrate.

Titian red is the popular color of hair this season, and the fair maid with chestnut locks is correspondingly happy.

Enquirer—When is the best time to travel? When she asks you if you are going to stay to stay to breakfast.—*Boston Post.*

There was a crush of women at the funeral of Mrs. Paranzore, the St. Louis belle. They were all allowed the delightful satisfaction of looking at the corpse.—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.*

The first marriage ceremony in the National Park was performed at Mammoth Hot Springs on the 13th ult. Rev. George Comfort united in wedlock Mr. Oscar S. Swanson and Miss Barbara Henderson.

A Birmingham, Ala., citizen, aged 55 years, has gone to Nashville, Tenn., where he will wed a young lady whom he has never seen, his friends have conducted the courting and made the necessary arrangements for him.

It is said that an English woman, Mrs. Sutton, is master of Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Hebrew, Arabic and Chaldaic. We can imagine that a woman of that sort might be "master" under most any condition.—*Drake's Traveller's Magazine.*

Translated from the *Omnibus*: She—"Dearest husband, dear Otto, I love thee indeed too much; there, hast thou a kiss!" He—"Ver fine, Marie! But now at the last of the month I cannot for these a new seal sack buy."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The London newspapers are pitching into Miss Fortescue as an actress, now that the poor, jilted girl has returned to the stage. The *Times* says that her acting is colorless and empty. The *Standard* says that stiffness and constraint spoiled her performance. Still she might have made a very respectable wife for a noodle such as Garmoyle.

ST. JACOBS OIL
THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY
FOR PAIN.
Cures
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica,
Lumbago, Backache, Headache,
Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains,
Bruises, Burns, Scalds,
And All Other Bodily Aches and Pains.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere.
Fifty Cents a Bottle.
Directions in Eleven Languages.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO.
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JUDGE FLANDERS, OF NEW YORK.

The Hon. Samuel L. Flanders enjoys the eminent distinction of being one of the most prominent lawyers in New York. Both mind and muscle are his, and Franklin County, on the edge of the Adirondack region, is early developed in the practice of law, and took an active part in the politics of the State. He was for years Judge in Franklin County, and he served with distinguished ability several terms in the Legislature of New York. He was for a long time in partnership in the practice of law, with the Hon. W. A. Wheeler, who was Vice President of the United States during the Presidency of Mr. Hayes. Judge Flanders was a member of the famous committee appointed about 20 years ago to revise the Constitution of the State of New York. He always has been a staunch and fearless advocate of temperance reform, and of purity in political affairs. During the controversy which led to the war, he was conspicuous for his consistent and forcible advocacy of "State rights," always taking the ground of the statesman and jurist, and not affiliating with the demagogues or noisy political charlatans on either side.

In his present appearance Judge Flanders' countenance gives no indication of the remarkable physical experience through which he has passed. No one would suppose, from seeing him busily at work in his law office, a cheerful, hearty and well preserved elderly gentleman, that he was for many years a great sufferer, and that his emancipation from slavery to severe disease was a matter of only recent date. But even so it is. Visiting him a few days ago in his well appointed law offices in "Temple Court," which is one of the new twelve-story office buildings of the Metropolis, we found him disposed to engage in conversation regarding his illness and his complete restoration to health. The information which he communicated in regard to this extraordinary case was substantially as follows:

"For many years I suffered from weak digestion and dyspepsia subsequent upon it. My health was not at any time since I was twenty-one years of age, vigorous; although by persistent and close application I have been able in most of the years to perform a large amount of work in my profession. Gradually I declined into a state of physical and nervous prostration in which work became almost an impossibility. In 1879 I was all run down in strength and spirits. Energy and ambition had entirely departed. That Summer I went to Saratoga, and took a variety of the waters, under the direction of one of the resident physicians. But instead of receiving any benefit I grew weaker and more miserable all the time I was there.

"In September I returned to New York in a very reduced state. I was incapable of work, and hardly able to leave the house. Soon after my return I suffered a violent chill, which prostrated me to the last degree. But under medical treatment I gradually rallied, so that in the course of the Winter and Spring I managed to do a little work at my office in my profession. During this time, however, I was subject to frequent fits of prostration, which kept me for days and weeks at a time in the house.

"So I kept on until the Summer of 1883. I tried a variety of medicaments which kind friends recommended, and was under the care of several physicians from time to time. In the latter part of the Summer I went to Thousand Islands, where I staid several weeks with friends. But I found the atmosphere did not agree with me. Soon I had a chill; not a severe one, yet in my state it added to my weakness and general discomfort. Several days after this I had another chill, which totally prostrated me.

"As soon after this as I was able to travel, I went to Malone, my old Franklin County home, intending to stay for a while among relations and friends, and to consult my old family physician. But I found that he was away in the White Mountains with Vice President Wheeler, my old friend and former law partner. They did not return to Malone until three days before I left there. Of course I consulted the physician. He neither said nor did much for me. I came away, feeling that the battle of life was nearly ended. The next time I saw Mr. Wheeler in New York he told me that the doctor had said to him that he never expected again to see me alive. When I arrived at home in September, I was in a state of such exhaustion that I was unable to leave home except on one bright and sunshiny days; and then only to walk slowly a block or two.

"Meanwhile my son, who had been in Massachusetts, made the acquaintance of a country postmaster in that State, an elderly gentleman, whose prostration seemed to have been as great as my own, or nearly so. This gentleman had been taking the Compound Oxygen Treatment, and had received from it the most surprising advantage. My son wrote frequently, and urged that I should try this treatment. But I had lost all faith in remedies. I had tried many things, and had no energy to try any more. But in September, my son came to New York, and persuaded me to visit Dr. Turner, who is in charge of Dr. Starkey & Palen's office in New York for the Compound Oxygen Treatment. My going there was not because I had any faith in this treatment, but to gratify my son's kind importunity. When Dr. Turner examined my case, he thought I was so far gone that he hardly dared to express the faintest hope.

"On the seventh of October I commenced taking the Treatment. To my great surprise I began to feel better within a week. In a month, I improved so greatly that I was able to come to my office and do some legal work. I then came to the office regularly except in bad weather. On the nineteenth of December a law matter came into my hands. It was a complicated case, promising to give much trouble, and to require very close attention. I had no ambition to take it, for I had no confidence in my ability to attend to it. I consented, however, to advise concerning it, and to do a little work. One complication after another arose.

The Household.

Edited by Miss Emily S. Bouton.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

SOCIAL ETIQUET.

XVIII.

No home is so humble and lowly, so poverty-stricken and miserable that gentle manners, courteous ways, and attention to the rules of good breeding at all times, will not make brighter and happier. The lack of tablecloth and napkins will not excuse a slovenly way of eating. Food in cracked dishes can be served with a grace that will make their unseemliness forgotten. Boorishness in a log cabin is just as much boorishness as in a grand drawing-room, and only goes to show that it is inherent in the individual. It is true that a thoughtful courtesy in poor surroundings renders the man and woman who offers it habitually, so much the more to be liked and admired, just as an uncouth demeanor amidst elegance is more glaringly noticeable.

I speak of these things because letters come deprecating, or rather objecting to the rules of etiquet I have given as not being applicable in plain farm houses where there are no servants to carry them out. I think I have said before that some of the truest gentlemen I have ever seen were among workingmen. They might lack polish; they did not fail in courtesy. So too with women. But it is daily attention to these little things which are held to be the marks of good breeding that give ease and grace in any society, and if you do not need that to-day, you may to-morrow. The habit of such doing takes away awkwardness in unusual positions, gives one self-respect under all circumstances and among all kinds of people.

The great difficulty where there are no servants in a house seems to be in having the table served properly, but a little thought and calculation will enable everything to be done in a quiet and well-tired manner, and those of you who are without them can console yourselves in one way: There is no one present at these seasons of family reunion to watch each passing word and make trouble with it afterward.

The table can be set with as much care, and often with more taste, when it is done by the mistress of the household than when a careless girl throws things on in a slipshod sort of way. The children should early be taught this duty in order to lessen the mother's cares, but it should always be done well. Let the table linen and napkins, however coarse, be clean. Arrange the dishes just as carefully as if guests were present. Done every meal, and habit will soon make it just as speedy an operation as to scatter them in a higgiety-pigglety manner without reference to order or fitness.

It is especially desirable where there is no servant for the parents to be seated opposite each other on the side of the table rather than at the ends. They can then reach different articles of food, easier pass them, and better see that every body is served.

At breakfast and dinner time the meat and vegetables should be placed before the gentleman of the house, together with the plates upon which they are to be served. It is then an easy thing for him to fill them and pass to each individual. If there is but one kind of meat, it is to be supposed that all will wish it, so that it is not necessary to ask guests whether they will have it or not. It is polite to inquire whether they like it well done or rare, if there is an opportunity to serve them according to their wishes, or to consult them as to what part of the fowl they like best. The preferences of the family are generally understood without consultation.

Of course the tea or coffee is placed before the lady of the house for pouring. She, too, knows how to trim either to please her own family, but guests must be asked whether they desire it clear or with cream and sugar, either or both. In lieu of this the cream pitcher and sugarbowl may be passed, so that they can use them to please themselves.

It is not a proper thing at any time for either of the heads of the household to be constantly jumping up from the table. They should never, if possible, leave their places. It is a necessity sometimes, but it can be avoided in a great measure by a little forethought. For instance, have the water poured beforehand—that is, just as the family is about to be summoned to the meal. Put everything that is likely to be needed upon the table before sitting down, that if anything is lacking, teach the children, when there are any—and what is a home without them—to get what is needed. Begin with them as soon as they are old enough, and spare no pains to have them do it gracefully. Have them hand things at the left hand of the person and never at the right. If there are several youngsters old enough for this service, let them take turns in attending to such duties. Do not say that it is more trouble to train them than to do it yourselves. Supposing it is. By and by you will find it a great relief; your table will be served pleasantly and properly without a servant, and the children themselves will have learned something worth their knowing.

In advising you to put everything that will be needed upon the table in the beginning, I make one exception. The plates should always be changed for dessert. It is not pleasant to see the dirty, greasy dishes, with portions of meat, etc., upon them, before one when eating pie or pudding. If there is no one else to attend to this duty it must devolve upon the lady of the house herself.

One of the hardest things to do without a servant is to have invited company to dinner, but even this can be accomplished in a graceful, well-bred manner that will hardly allow her absence to be noticed. In the first place make no attempt to have many courses, which involve changes of dishes. Omit the soup. Have the meats and vegetables all on the table when you sit down. If you have several kinds of the latter, it is not necessary to crowd them all before the host, or whoever is to do the carving, but put something that is to be served upon separate dishes, such as peas, beans, corn, etc., before some one else to serve, either one of the family or a guest you know well. The water is, of course, already poured. Have only coffee to drink besides. If you do not bring this on, as is now etiquet, until dessert, you can assist in dishing out the vegetables. Of course, pickles, jellies, and spiced sauces are to be passed. It facilitates things to have the butter, made in little patties, already upon the individual butter plates when you sit down. A farther supply can be upon the table for additional call.

Have but one kind of dessert, unless fruit is added. The latter can be upon the table as a pretty garniture from the first. This kind of a dinner, seasoned with a pleasant hospitality, can be as refined and as indicative of good breeding as one with a multiplicity of courses and waiting servants. It can be one to which the heads of any household need not be ashamed to have any one in the land sit down, even though he may be accustomed to everything that wealth can give. An atmosphere of refinement about a small house and meager arrangements will make up for any number of shortcomings in those things that money buys.

A tea party can be given without servants very comfortably. In the first place have nothing hot except the tea. Everything can then be prepared a day or two previous, so that nothing will remain to be done on that day except setting the table. Where there is a dining room separate from the sitting room even this can be accomplished and time left to rest before the guests arrive.

The question is often asked as to the best kind of dishes for a family of small means to purchase. Just now the decorated ware is the craze and it does look very pretty upon the snowy cover. A tea set can be purchased too for a very small sum, but if anyone does not feel able to replace the whole set when several of the pieces are broken—as they are quite likely to be after awhile—the plain white ware is the most economical as an odd dish can always be bought to take the place of a missing one. It looks well too, and the coloring can be given by flowers in flower time, or by gaily decorated doylies. A variety can be made by the pretty dishes of glass that can now be bought for a mere song. They come in all sorts of quaint and graceful shapes, and with devices imitating cut glass, from which they can scarcely be distinguished. No housewife need hesitate about setting out her table with these articles.

The plates may be put at each place, but not face downward, as used to be the custom, or they may be placed before the host, who will serve the cold meat or whatever constitutes the principal dish upon them. Everything else upon the table must be passed, allowing each individual to help himself. If the table is a moderately long one, there should be two plates of bread, or biscuit, as the case may be. This serves two purposes: The guests are easier waited upon and the hostess is not so likely to be obliged to rise from the table to replenish. The plates should be changed before serving the cake and fruit, and yet if there has been nothing to make them look soiled, even this may be waived without any violation of good taste.

A pretty way to decorate the tea table anywhere, but which can be done in the country, or where flowers are plenty, without expense, is to put a little button-hole bouquet, consisting of a geranium leaf or two and a rose-bud or some other flower at each plate. A dish of fruit and flowers in the center of the table looks well, or the fruit alone in the center and flowers, at each end. All these decorations should be low, as the day of high vases and lofty epergnes have gone by.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Bed Decoration or Scarf.—This should be about a yard wide and long enough to droop over the sides of the bed to the lower edge of the bedstead. The materials must be calculated according to the length desired. For one 2¼ yds. long it would require as follows:

Thirty-six blocks of crazy quilt work, 6 ins. square. Make them of as great a variety of light colors as possible. A plain block of gay satin painted or embroidered would be pretty for a variety; 13 yds. of antique insertion 4 ins. wide, 2 yds. of light pink or blue silesia; 2 yds. of antique lace 6 ins. wide. Put the blocks together in four stripes, by sewing lengths of insertion between them. Sew strips of insertion between these stripes, line with the silesia and finish with the broad lace across the ends.

This could be made considerably cheaper, of course, by using cheaper materials. The crazy blocks could be made of bright colored wools. Instead of the lace insertion, scrym could be cut into strips, using the open work part for the insertion. A broad lace could be knit for the finish of the ends.

To Remove Grease Spots.—The following mixture is very highly recommended to take grease or stains out of carpets or from clothing: Dissolve 2 ozs. of white castile soap, cut fine, in 1 pt. of water. Add 2 qts. of water. Put into this 2 ozs. of ammonia, 1 oz. of glycerine, and 1 oz. of ether. Bottle.

When wanted to use mix it thoroly in the proportion of a teacupful to an ordinary sized pail of water. Woolen goods can be washed in this unless of some delicate color which will not stand the ammonia. It is well to try a small piece first. To remove stains from a carpet, rub with a sponge dipped in the mixture and then rub with a dry cloth until dry or nearly so.

Stitches.—For the benefit of many who are constantly inquiring about the different kinds of stitches used in crocheting, embroidery, etc., two or three will be given each week until the simple ones have been explained.

Crochet.—The foundation of this work is always a chain of stitches, which are of three kinds—the single chain stitch, the double chain stitch, and the picot. The first is of course the simplest of all, and is made by forming a loop on the needle, which is held in the right hand. Take hold of the loop with the left hand, throw the cotton over the needle and draw it through the loop, letting that off. This forms the second stitch. Go on with this until the chain is as long as desired. Abbreviation, l for loop.

Embroidery. Chain Stitch.—Make a knot in the end of the silk and draw it through where you want the work to begin. Hold the silk down with the thumb, work a short stitch in a straight line and draw it up. Continue to hold the silk down as described in the beginning, put the needle through the lower part of the first stitch, make another stitch of the same length and draw through. Go on in this way, following the line of the pattern.

Worsted Hoses.—In answer to a special request, I will try to tell you through HOUSEHOLD how I make the Rose. Cut from a postal card, a circular piece 1¾ inches in diameter. Making a small hole in center with a darning needle, thread a zephyr needle with single zephyr the desired color, pass it through the hole having a short end on the under side to hold with thumb, while you coil the yarn neatly on upper side of wheel. Do not coil too tight so as to draw the yarn. Six threads or coils completes one small loop. Take needle, sew through wheel three or four times, being careful to catch each thread. Draw the thread lightly enough to make the wheel as nearly round as possible, when the zephyr may be cut. Take the end through the hole and trim off, but not too close to leaf. This is the way the rose leaves are made.

For center leaves make three of six coils, then five of seven coils or threads, eight leaves of eight coils, eight of nine and eight of ten coils, then sew around a center made as follows, sewing the small leaves on first and "close" with common sewing thread: Take a common size lead pencil, lay a wire four inches long on it lengthways, wind one yard of yellow zephyr around center, twist wire to fasten firmly, cut zephyr on opposite side of pencil, and trim in shape of an oval button. For green leaves a piece of lilly wire six inches in length, double even, twist wires together one and one-half inches from ends. Thread needle with a medium length of green zephyr, loop end around wire where twisted together, pass to point of leaf. The enclosed wire having been shaped like a rose leaf, bring needle under wire, over thread, under wire on other side, turn over wire, under thread, etc., until leaf is complete. Hold zephyr firm at point when commencing to darn leaf; being cautious to not draw the leaf out of shape.

For rosebuds wind one yard of zephyr color of rose around first and second fingers, passing a wire six inches long through between thumb and fingers. Twist tightly, pass wires to other end of bud and twist firmly again, not drawing the zephyr very tightly, so that it will puff out nicely. Form three green leaves around bud neatly and twist wires together firmly, then wind stem with green zephyr, pinch points of leaves together at top of bud. Turning one-half of one leaf back has a very pretty effect, causing bud to look as though just ready to burst open.

The single rose leaves are all made like green leaves of double rose, also the center like that of double rose. Please try and report. Will some one please tell us how to make those lovely hair flowers? Have seen it asked for in HOUSEHOLD before, but no reply has been given.—WINNIE T. S., Footville, Wis.

Child's Scrap Book.—The prettiest present I know of to make for a child is a scrap book. I will tell you how I made one for my little girl. I bought one yard each of bright blue and pink cambric. Last each piece in four, and stitched them together in a book of 16 leaves. I notched all the edges of the leaves; then I pasted it full of pictures, using a dozen steel engravings from *Peterson's Magazine*, the colored lithographs from *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*, and lots of fruit and flower pictures from the seedsmen's catalogs. These fruit and flower pictures I cut close to the colored picture, leaving no margins on them. As soon as I finished pasting in the pictures, I laid a dry cloth over each leaf and ironed dry with a warm iron. Then put it under the dictionary to dry without curling up.—NELLIE W.

Ladies' Scarf.—Take 8 ounces of double scarlet zephyr and 4 ounces of black split zephyr. On large long wooden needles cast on 100 stitches of the black, knit across 15 times, then break and tie on the scarlet; knit across twice; then break and tie on the black. Continue knitting 10 of black and 2 of scarlet till it is long enough, and then knit 15 times. Gather the ends and place a bow of ribbon on them. They are very easy to make as it is all plain knitting; are very handsome and look like chenille.

Another.—Take 4 skeins black saxony yarn, crochet in crazy stitch 14 inches wide. On each end crochet a lace edge. Then bead the ends according to your fancy, and also each side using as heavy a silk thread as your needle will carry. This is nice and looks like a lace scarf.

Who will send me half a dozen peacock feathers? Will return favor.—"IVY BROWN."

Lace Collar.—I send this pattern which I have tried and know it is pretty. It requires a little over half a spool of Barbour's linen thread No. 70.

Cast on 34 stitches and knit across plain. —First row—k 5—p 19—o 2—p 2 tog—k 1—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 1. Second row—thread around needle—k 8—o 2—p 2 tog—purl to end. Third row—k 7—o—n—8 times—k 1—o 2—p 2 tog—k 2—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 1. Fourth row—thread around needle—k 9—o 2—p 2 tog—p to end. Fifth row—k 24—o 2—p 2 tog—k 3—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 1. Sixth row—thread around needle—k 10—o 2—p 2 tog—p to end. Seventh row—k 7—o—n 8 times—k 1—o 2—p 2 tog—k 19. Thirteenth row—s 1—p 18—o 2—p tog—k 11—n. Fourteenth row—s and b 2—k 7—o 2—p 2 tog—k 19. Turn and commence as in first row—s 1—p 18—o 2—p 2 tog—k 1—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 1. Next one same as second and so on. When finished crochet a little edge on the plain side and ends.

Explanations—k, knit plain; p, purl; o, over; o 2—p 2 tog., over twice and purl two together; n. narrow; s, slip; b, bind.—MAY QUEEN, Nora, Neb.

"Fancy Work and House Decoration" is just as useful now as at the holiday times and Mrs. A. will find it so. It is desirable to make the home look pretty at all times, and there are descriptions of many articles suitable for this purpose. It will also be found a great help in getting up church fairs. Send 25 cents in postal note, silver or two cent stamps to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., and receive it post free. Be sure and write the address plainly.

Correspondence.

SENSIBLE VIEW.—"Black Hills Church Goer" asks an important question in the BLADE of February 7. She says she lives in the City; her mother came to visit her from the country; it being a cold day she wore an old seal brown hood that she crocheted for her a year ago. The mother wished to go to church. The daughter refused because she was ashamed to go with her with that old hood on. The question the daughter asks is, "Was I right or wrong?"

We can but sympathize with the daughter from a social standpoint. She must meet with scorn at least from her associates; perhaps ridicule or even possibly a cold neglect on the part of some on account of the appearance of her mother. But few ladies are prepared to meet all this without a flinch. But when we decide this question from a moral or religious standpoint, she was wrong. The object of meeting at the church should be to worship the true and living God. Pride of dress, pride of wealth, pride of position, have a very baleful effect upon the church of Christ in these days, especially in the Cities.

Even in the early days of the church the rich were regarded with favor and the poor despised. In the book of James, second chapter, 2-4 verses, it is written, "For if there come into your assembly a man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment, and ye have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing and say unto him, Sit thou here in a good place, and say to the poor, Stand thou there," etc. This sentiment keeps many a poor person away from church and induces others to dress far beyond their means.—A. C. PEOPLE, Susquehanna, Pa.

REVERENCE FOR PARENTS.—Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord, thy God, giveth thee. It has always been beyond my comprehension to understand how a child could be ashamed of a parent. When I read the inquiry of "Black Hill Church-Goer," I drew in my mind a picture of the life of the writer. I have heard persons say that to take a slave and make an overseer of him, he made the most cruel of masters; and I have often thought it true in other things in life. When a person has always been used to wealth and luxury they seldom display that spirit of arrogance and self-importance that is so often seen in those who are suddenly lifted upon a higher social plane. Can you realize how deep was the wound to that loving mother's heart to find the child for whom she has suffered, for whom she has spent sleepless nights, and tended with such yearning and tender love, is ashamed of her? There is nothing which speaks so forcibly and eloquently of a noble nature as careful attention to the promotion of the happiness of parents by their children. And yet we deserve no credit, for with our greatest exertion for their comfort, we can no more than return the interest for the long years of care they spent for us ere we reached the years of maturity. Yes, you did wrong; very, very wrong, and in the first time you see your mother beg her forgiveness and then pray God to remove from your heart that selfish pride which is robbing you of all the tender impulses of your nature.—EDELWEISS.

THE WANDERER RETURNED.—Yes, my dear BLADE friends, here I am again. How I wish you each, all and every one could have a peep at the scene before me.

It is a regular glory of glittering crystal. It rained all night and froze as it fell. That is the simple, plain fact, but oh! if all the fairies of our childhood's days had been at work all thro' the night they could hardly have accomplished anything more lovely than the view that met my eyes this morning.

Every branch and tiny twig, all the lank, stringy grapevines, all the forlorn, disconsolate old bushes, the clothes-lines, the fence-posts and every tiny little blade of long dried grass was encased in a diamond glory. Looking off through the park, through and across the tree tops,—I wish you could but see their shining splendor. It is like a lovely stereoscopic view, only much greater and grander. Looking away among the trees, all things seem in a silvery mist; and oh! if you could see the stately, magnificent evergreens bowed stiffly beneath their weight of diamond-dust!

The old maples and elms stand twisted and bent, this way and that, beneath their glory. Every little, insignificant spear of grass is now a fairy weapon, thick-crusted over with sparkling jewels.

All the ropes and vines are wonderful stretches and festoons of crystal fringe.

The roofs are shining sheets of burnished silver.

And did you ever notice in such a scene the strangely magnificent effect of the ice?

Look up at some tree near you, at some bush across the yard perhaps, and clear and large, even startlingly so, will you note the buds stand forth revealed. I thought, perhaps, the distance had some strange effect and went out to a lilac bush to examine. The branch and buds seemed encased in magnifying glass. I am so glad to see them, strange promises of Spring, all ice-enveloped.

I am so glad to know that Summer lives and sends on these little messengers to say she comes:

"The Spring will come, and with it bring the flowers
That died last year amid the frost and snow;
Fair the'rs of God are they, and very dear,
Yet not for this I joy to see them blow.
But oh, these flowers! They stills theptic heart,
And in ode hearts they kindle hope and trust.
God will not surely raise the grass and flowers,
And let us sleep forever in the dust.
They surely give us hope, and help us trust. Dear friend, some christian reader will you tell me why, and how, you treat

What makes you sure of life eternal? and pray give me some other answer than—the Bible. There are people in the world, poor souls, who really cannot accept a statement as a sure fact just because it is found in the Bible.

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"Great is the Lord and great His power,
His wisdom has no bound.
He covers heaven with clouds, and thence
Refreshing rain bestows:
And on the mountains thro' his care,
The grass in plenty grows.
The thicz descending flakes of snow
O'er earth a downy mantle throw;
And glitt'ring frost o'er all the plains
Binds nature fast in icy chains.
He speaks: the ice and snow obey,
And nature's fetters melt away;
Softly the vernal breezes blow
And murmuring waters freely flow."

If anyone has an idea that rhyme improves this sort of thing let him or her turn to Psalm 147 and read this in the genuine, original, royal blank verse—and I was going to say, "learn a thing or two," by which you see I mean I think blank verse far superior to rhyme; that is, for some things. Truly thine.—RALPH DOUGLAS.

MOUNTAIN SAGE.—I see in the BLADE of January 17th, a communication from W. P. Emery, offering to send sage brush to "M. E. C.," as a substitute for quinine. Mr. Emery has surely made a mistake. The medicinal mountain sage does *not* grow to trees eight inches in diameter and five to six feet high, as stated by him, but on the contrary, it seldom attains a hight exceeding 12 inches. There are in this part of Colorado two varieties; one is a slender, straight weed with a cluster of very small white flowers at the top, and leaves from the ground up, and the taste is no improvement on quinine. The other variety has a good deal of the appearance of the ordinary garden sage grown all over the Eastern States. The leaves are more thickly clustered together on the branches and are slightly curled, and of a blueish-purple color. This last is quite rare, and has a very pleasant taste, and one does not have to be very sick to be able to drink tea made of its leaves. We have also the large sage brush, and Mr. Emery says truly that it is good fire wood. When I am camping out, it is just as good wood as I want, and if one can get on a flat where the sage brush and grease wood are large, he is sure of a good wind brake as well as an abundance of the best fuel.—AMIGO.

WORTH KNOWING.—Perhaps it would interest some of your readers to know that a small piece of zinc fastened upon the outside and inside of a tin pail will prevent it from rusting. On the inside is sufficient if the pail is to stand in a dry place. A good and neat way is to solder a piece of zinc about two or three inches in diameter inside upon the center of the bottom. To destroy the wave it stand in a sink or other wet place, put the same kind of piece upon the outside of the bottom. This will prevent a tin pail from rusting in any part of it and thereby make it last a much longer time than without it. I have one that has been in constant use for four and one-half years as a water-pail, though with the zinc only on the inside, yet it stands in a sink. It is a little rusted on the outside. A gentleman in this town has one, prepared outside and in, that has been in use over eight years that is good yet.—A. C. PURPLE, Susquehanna, Pa.

SILK CULTURE.—I was engaged in raising silkworms the past Summer, had no mulberry but fed them on osage orange. From one oz. of eggs I had six bushels of cocoons or more. They were large and fine and I thought success was sure, but I made some mistakes. In the first place I had too many worms for a beginner, had to hire help to get food prepared and given to them; then relying on some promises made by the "Exchange" I allowed too many of my best cocoons to be cut, which spoiled them for sale, and left too many eggs on my hands.

Wherever there are mulberry trees of any kind or osage orange hedges there may be cocoons raised and there must be sale for them somewhere. The Women's Silk Culture Association, 1,825 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, buy small lots and combine them in quantities that manufacturers will handle; or reel them and pay the producer the price of reeled silk, minus the per cent. for reeling. Some persons dislike worms so that they would not take hold of this work, but I think most of them would soon lose this to a great extent and look upon them as the most interesting and intelligent of their species, and even if they should not expect immediately—they would not regret their acquaintance with these workers, or the process of silk spinning.—M. THOMASSON, Box 242, Barnesville, Belmont County, Ohio.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.—Seeing in the BLADE of February 14 some one wishes to know about this Western country, I will try and give a little information by answering his questions.

Even in the early days of the church the rich were regarded with favor and the poor despised. In the book of James, second chapter, 2-4 verses, it is written, "For if there come into your assembly a man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment, and ye have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing and say unto him, Sit thou here in a good place, and say to the poor, Stand thou there," etc. This sentiment keeps many a poor person away from church and induces others to dress far beyond their means.—A. C. PEOPLE, Susquehanna, Pa.

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SILK CULTURE.—I was engaged in raising silkworms the past Summer, had no mulberry but fed them on osage orange. From one oz. of eggs I had six bushels of cocoons or more. They were large and fine and I thought success was sure, but I made some mistakes. In the first place I had too many worms for a beginner, had to hire help to get food prepared and given to them; then relying on some promises made by the "Exchange" I allowed too many of my best cocoons to be cut, which spoiled them for sale, and left too many eggs on my hands.

Wherever there are mulberry trees of any kind or osage orange hedges there may be cocoons raised and there must be sale for them somewhere. The Women's Silk Culture Association, 1,825 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, buy small lots and combine them in quantities that manufacturers will handle; or reel them and pay the producer the price of reeled silk, minus the per cent. for reeling. Some persons dislike worms so that they would not take hold of this work, but I think most of them would soon lose this to a great extent and look upon them as the most interesting and intelligent of their species, and even if they should not expect immediately—they would not regret their acquaintance with these workers, or the process of silk spinning.—M. THOMASSON, Box 242, Barnesville, Belmont County, Ohio.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.—Seeing in the BLADE of February 14 some one wishes to know about this Western country, I will try and give a little information by answering his questions.

Even in the early days of the church the rich were regarded with favor and the poor despised. In the book of James, second chapter, 2-4 verses, it is written, "For if there come into your assembly a man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment, and ye have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing and say unto him, Sit thou here in a good place, and say to the poor, Stand thou there," etc. This sentiment keeps many a poor person away from church and induces others to dress far beyond their means.—A. C. PEOPLE, Susquehanna, Pa.

REVERENCE FOR PARENTS.—Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord, thy God, giveth thee. It has always been beyond my comprehension to understand how a child could be ashamed of a parent. When I read the inquiry of "Black Hill Church-Goer," I drew in my mind a picture of the life of the writer. I have heard persons say that to take a slave and make an overseer of him, he made the most cruel of masters; and I have often thought it true in other things in life. When a person has always been used to wealth and luxury they seldom display that spirit of arrogance and self-importance that is so often seen in those who are suddenly lifted upon a higher social plane. Can you realize how deep was the wound to that loving mother's heart to find the child for whom she has suffered, for whom she has spent sleepless nights, and tended with such yearning and tender love, is ashamed of her? There is nothing which speaks so forcibly and eloquently of a noble nature as careful attention to the promotion of the happiness of parents by their children. And yet we deserve no credit, for with our greatest exertion for their comfort, we can no more than return the interest for the long years of care they spent for us ere we reached the years of maturity. Yes, you did wrong; very, very wrong, and in the first time you see your mother beg her forgiveness and then pray God to remove from your heart that selfish pride which is robbing you of all the tender impulses of your nature.—EDELWEISS.

THE WANDERER RETURNED.—Yes, my dear BLADE friends, here I am again. How I wish you each, all and every one could have a peep at the scene before me.

It is a regular glory of glittering crystal. It rained all night and froze as it fell. That is the simple, plain fact, but oh! if all the fairies of our childhood's days had been at work all thro' the night they could hardly have accomplished anything more lovely than the view that met my eyes this morning.

Every branch and tiny twig, all the lank, stringy grapevines, all the forlorn, disconsolate old bushes, the clothes-lines, the fence-posts and every tiny little blade of long dried grass was encased in a diamond glory. Looking off through the park, through and across the tree tops,—I wish you could but see their shining splendor. It is like a lovely stereoscopic view, only much greater and grander. Looking away among the trees, all things seem in a silvery mist; and oh! if you could see the stately, magnicent evergreens bowed stiffly beneath their weight of diamond-dust!

The old maples and elms stand twisted and bent, this way and that, beneath their glory. Every little, insignificant spear of grass is now a fairy weapon, thick-crusted over with sparkling jewels.

All the ropes and vines are wonderful stretches and festoons of crystal fringe.

The roofs are shining sheets of burnished silver.

And did you ever notice in such a scene the strangely magnificent effect of the ice?

Look up at some tree near you, at some bush across the yard perhaps, and clear and large, even startlingly so, will you note the buds stand forth revealed. I thought, perhaps, the distance had some strange effect and went out to a lilac bush to examine. The branch and buds seemed encased in magnifying glass. I am so glad to see them, strange promises of Spring, all ice-enveloped.

I am so glad to know that Summer lives and sends on these little messengers to say she comes:

"The Spring will come, and with it bring the flowers
That died last year amid the frost and snow;
Fair the'rs of God are they, and very dear,
Yet not for this I joy to see them blow.
But oh, these flowers! They stills theptic heart,
And in ode hearts they kindle hope and trust.
God will not surely raise the grass and flowers,
And let us sleep forever in the dust.
They surely give us hope, and help us trust. Dear friend, some christian reader will you tell me why, and how, you treat

What makes you sure of life eternal? and pray give me some other answer than—the Bible. There are people in the world, poor souls, who really cannot accept a statement as a sure fact just because it is found in the Bible.

You should see those ice-clad trees now that the wind has stirred them, should see them bow and sway, and hear them creak and crack and groan. I fear the increasing cold and rising wind will do much damage to these heavy-laden trees; many limbs and branches now hang broken and helpless in their glittering icy coat of mail, but—"whatever is, is right," we are taught,

"Great is the Lord and great His power,
His wisdom has no bound.
He covers heaven with clouds, and thence
Refreshing rain bestows:
And on the mountains thro' his care,
The grass in plenty grows.
The thicz descending flakes of snow
O'er earth a downy mantle throw;
And glitt'ring frost o'er all the plains
Binds nature fast in icy chains.
He speaks: the ice and snow obey,
And nature's fetters melt away;
Softly the vernal breezes blow
And murmuring waters freely flow."

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The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite question answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address must in all cases accompany the communication.

For the Blade Farm.

THE FARMERS.

BURK HART.

Hoi ye sons of toil,
Ye who till the soil,
Gird well your armor on.
For lo; the goddess Spring
Is reaching forth her hand
To conquer all the land.

She comes with promise, bright,
To all who work with might;
She will fill your heaping measures,
With many golden treasures,
Far richer than the mines
In far famed foreign climes.

Hear ye not the clarion sounds
In all Europe's many Towns!
Know ye not that grief is there,
And her hosts for war prepare?
Then, to you the task is given
To supply those struggling millions.

As the manna sent from heaven,
As the bread not made with leaven,
So shall all your products be
Sent to hosts beyond the sea.
Without mingling in the strife,
You may send the starving life.

Topeka, Kans.

To Road Makers.

Send for our *New Illustrated Catalogue of Improved Road Machinery*, telling how to make good roads, and naming Toledo BLADE. S. PENNOCK & SONS' CO., Fort Wayne, Ind.

A New Method of Planting Corn.

We have learned many things from our Western brethren in regard to farm work, and their new method of planting corn certainly deserves notice. It is called "listing." It is done by a peculiar kind of plow, having a double mold-board, with a sub-soiler attached, and a pair of wings which cover the soil over the seed. A wheel is fitted in the open plow beam, which carries some adjustable gears that operate a seed dropper. So that one passage of the plow opens a furrow, drops the seed and covers it, but leaves a ridge. The lister is able to plant eight acres of corn in a day's work. I believe this improvement in corn culture—for an improvement it undoubtedly is—should be credited to the Kansas farmers. The ridges are leveled by a harrow, or a very simple smoothing appears which is drawn along the rows, taking three rows at a time. This is followed in a few days by a smoothing harrow, which destroys the weeds in the rows very completely. The after cultivation consists of working the rows with the double cultivator, taking two rows at a time, and sufficiently turning and stirring the soil. It is said the yield of corn by this method is larger than by hill culture, and the labor is very much less.

Four years ago I planted a field of corn in a somewhat similar manner, using the well-known Adams one-horse corn planter, which opens the furrow, drops the seed, and covers and rolls the surface, leaving a well defined mark where the seed has been planted. It is easy to plant eight acres in this way in 10 hours' work. As soon as the corn was planted, the middles were worked by an eight-toothed two-horse wheeled cultivator intended for cultivating wheat or rye sown in 12-inch drills), by removing two teeth in the middle. The soil does not need deep plowing, and four inches in depth is quite enough even for corn. It was the best crop I ever grew, yielding 98 bushels of shelled corn to the acre. There were some weeds in the rows, as I suppose there are in the Kansas fields, planted by the lister, but there would have been less had I used the smoothing harrow after planting. It is, however, not a hard matter to cover the weeds with a light one-horse hoe is used, by which the soil can be thrown directly up to the corn, and after the corn is 18 inches high weeds do not make much headway.

It is a question, too, when the soil is rich enough to grow a heavy crop of corn, if it pays to be too particular about a few weeds in the rows more or less, as the cost of hand hoeing is greatly more than the loss of corn from the few weeds, if indeed there is any loss; and it is also a question, if ever more than a farmer may wish to keep his fields perfectly clean field, if he can afford this neatness at the expense of $10 or $12 per acre, or the value of twice as many bushels of corn. The early planting pushes the corn so quickly forward that it gets ahead of the weeds, and the cultivation coming on directly after the planting also forwards the corn, and keeps the soil fresh, mellow and moist, just when the roots are pushing out into the spaces between the rows. Thus they grow very quickly, and I have found the leaves spreading 12 inches out to the middle before the spire had become visible above the ground. On the whole, this new method of "listing" corn seems to be worthy of notice, and of a trial by farmers who have soils suitable for it, or who are planting corn on stubble or Fall plowed land; and especially by those who are growing fodder corn, either for nursing or soiling, or ensilage, upon rye stubble, from which the rye has been cut green. I do not know what the excellent Albany corn planter should not answer the purpose in the East just as well as the "lister" does for the West. A heavier implement is of course required in the West where there is so much trash left in the fields from previous crops. —*H. Stewart in Country Gentleman.*

Marks of a Good Cow.

Those who keep but one or two cows naturally want them for general purposes—do not want a mere butter cow, nor yet a mere milk animal, but one which combines both in as great a degree as can be found. Such cows are not plentiful, we admit, or at least are not often for sale at a moderate price, so that when they are offered, it behooves would-be purchasers to be able to tell them when offered.

We do not believe in very small cows, nor yet in large, heavy animals, as neither, as a rule, is capable of filling the bill, the former too often falling short in the quantity, while the large ones are apt to run too much to flesh to make them profitable dairy animals. The medium sized ones invariably produce the best results, and a heavy milker and a large butter-maker are seldom fat, as the majority of the food consumes is converted into milk and butter. The head should be fine-cut and bony, with small horns, large meaty nose and shapely ears. The base of the horns and the inside of the ears should be of a bright golden color. We have never yet seen an animal with horns and ears well colored (golden yellow) which failed to make a fine quality of butter and highly colored. It is an unmistakable sign. The body should be good size, and the width and depth rapidly increase as it runs from the shoulder to the quarters. The milk veins should be large and prominent, and the udder need not necessarily be large, so it is not meaty, but is very small when milked out. The teats should be of good size and only have a single hole in each; we have seen quite a number with teats having two holes. The hair should be fine and soft, while the skin should be soft, pliable, and almost as soft to the feel as velvet or kid. In color it should be tinged deeply with yellow, especially on the shoulders and flank and along the back. The color of the hair is rather a secondary matter, though the best cows are generally yellow, fawn, gray or white, with dark marks edged with yellow. Black cows but seldom prove to be good general purpose ones, though of course there are exceptions frequently met with. —*Maryland Farmer.*

A Grass for Drouth.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

While many of your readers may have parcels of land subject to such excessive drouth and lasting dryness that they are even useless for pasturage, there is a drouth-proof grass that would easily render such lands valuable. While it has several common names, its botanical name is *sorghum halepense*. It is a native of the driest plains of New Zealand, and has been successfully and satisfactorily tried in some of the driest sections of California and Kansas, and found superior to all others as a forage grass. It will grow with less moisture than any other grass and its roots are white, tender, and as large as one's finger, and so tender, and as large as one's finger, and so numerous as to completely fill the earth to the depth of three feet, furnishing in plenty an inexhaustible supply of excellent hog feed while on very dry ground the tops yield more hay than alfalfa or clover. When stocked out it with alfalfa or clover, it prevents them from causing bloat. It can be started on pasture lands without plowing, and where it once gets a start it is there to stay, spreading by seed and roots until it runs out everything else. Neither flood, drouth, nor frost can kill it out. There is no grass that stock prefer to it, while it equals blue grass or timothy in milk and fat producing qualities, and is easily propagated from seed or root cuttings. It is well worth a trial, as it can be easily made, and we have yet to hear the first fault found of it, as regards its value, but when it has been set in hand that it was afterwards desirable to cultivate, it was found impossible to destroy it unless at fabulous cost, as all the roots could not be taken from the land, consequently it would keep on flourishing to the detriment of the growth of any cultivated plant or cereal. So it is best that this grass should only be introduced on lands intended only for pasturage, and as there are many places from their roughness and aridity that will never be suitable for anything else, this grass will supply a long felt want.—J. W. WALKER. Franklinton, N. C.

Inquiries.

I have a young mare which never had a colt, but swells in the bag on one side and follows the cord down half way across the belly. While driving the swelling goes down, but that side of the bag and cord remain thick and about twice as large as the other.

What will cause horses to get rid of worms?—SUBSCRIBER, Ipswich, Dak.

What is the Matter With His Chickens?

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

I would like to hear from some one of experience in poultry raising as to the best breed for laying. My poultry is of the Plymouth Rock and Cochin China mixed. I keep my house clean and a coat of straw spread upon the floor in cold weather. Their perches are round poles. I feed twice a day and water regularly—keep a box of gravel sitting in the coop where they can have access to it when they like, yet my hens do not lay of any consequence. Out of two dozen of hens I will get two or three eggs a day. I am a new beginner and have not had a very extensive experience in poultry breeding, therefore seek for information through the Farm Department. —DWIGHT SCRANTON, LaRue, Marion Co., O.

Managing Chickens.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

To a Reader: How I manage my chickens in the Winter; I feed twice a day; in morning a warm feed of dough composed of corn, oats, barley, or other meals, or wheat middling mixed; at night whole grain—corn, oats, wheat, barley, or buckwheat, as I have them. Feed only what they will eat up clean. Give them warm water at each feed. About twice a week mix into their morning feed about one-fourth part of butcher's scraps, cooked and chopped fine, slightly salted, and highly seasoned with cayenne pepper. Burn all of the bones you have, break up and give to them; also some charcoal; have some gravel and old mortar where they can get it. Have a warm house and keep it clean and free from vermin, if your hens are young you will have eggs in Winter. All kinds of vegetable are good cooked and fed with morning feed; onions chopped fine or raw have a tendency to repel vermin. I also feed cabbage and apples in the same way. Wet the perches occasionally with kerosene oil as it is death to vermin. Yours, etc.,—DRUID, Saranac, Iowa Co., Mich., Box 65.

Hatching Chicks with an Incubator.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

This business can be done with success and profit where it is properly engaged in. We know of nothing that one can make so much money with so small investment as raising poultry for sale, and we cannot get the chicks hatched in large enough numbers any other way than by artificial means. Some persons say the business is a failure, just because they failed. Perhaps they overdid their work or left some undone, or may have had a poor incubator and set with a lot of unfertile eggs. The first step to be taken is to make or secure a good incubator then be careful to get healthy, fertile eggs, do all the work in the right time and way and nature will do the balance. If operated in this way I will warrant success. We had experience using an incubator we made last year, costing about six dollars, capacity 200 to 250 eggs per sitting. We know it to be good by experience. Anyone sending us their address and four cents in stamps, we will give full directions how to make the same incubator.—H. PERSHING, Wooster, Ohio.

Curing Fistula.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm.

I desire to thank the members of the BLADE family for directions sent me last June for curing fistula. The remedy is so simple and effectual, I would like to make it public. Insert a small piece of saltpeter in the end of the tube, daily increasing the size as the tube enlarges, work it down to the bone with a small stick. When the tube becomes too large for the saltpeter to remain in, insert a white rag in the opening, wash every evening with warm soapsuds and apply good liniment. Persevere for a month or six weeks, if necessary, and a cure is certain. I have never known a cure my mare, when the tube became loose and I pulled it out.—JOHN W. ALLEN, Fort Steele, Carbon Co., Wyo.

Wild Rice.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

Will some one inform me through the BLADE where I can obtain seed of a plant called wild rice. I learn that it grows in lakes and wet places, and would like to introduce it in our goose and duck lot, as we have a place said to be suitable for its growth.

Will some one tell me how I may obtain seed and something of the nature of the plant?—ALICE KIRK, Deer Lick, Williams Co., O.

Hot-Bed Making.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

Having had long experience in gardening, if W. D. Jordon, of Colorado (postoffice undecipherable in my copy of the BLADE), will address me, I will tell him what I know of hot-bed making, and gardening generally.—J.B. HANEY, Russell, Russell County, Kansas.

Heavy Guns for the Government.

An order from the United States Ordnance Department has been received at the South Boston Iron Works for five heavy guns, the first that have been cast in this country since 1877. The guns now ordered are as follows: A 12-inch rifle mortar. A 10-inch breech-loading rifle, the body of cast iron, re-enforced by a wrapping of steel wire. The third will be a 12-inch breech-loading rifle, entirely of cast iron, and to weigh, when finished, some 57 tons. The fourth is to like the last in all respects with the one exception that is to be lined from the breech with a short steel tube, to reach a little beyond the trunnion. The fifth is to be a 12-inch breech-loading rifle the body to be of cast iron, but to be re-enforced by steel rings around the breech, and to be lined the full length with a steel bushing, which, with the rings and other short steel tube referred to, are to be imported from England. These heavy rifles will endure charges of two to three hundred pounds of powder, and will throw projectiles of 700 pounds weight with sufficient force to penetrate 24 inches of iron armor. The castings will be made of Salisbury charcoal iron, mined and smelted in western Massachusetts. The guns will all be cast on the Rodman system. It is expected that these rifles will be ready for the Government next Fall.

For Ten Cents.

The St. Louis Magazine, now in its fifteenth year, brilliantly illustrated, replete with stories, poems, timely reading and humor. $1.50 a year. Sample copy and a set of gold colored picture cards sent for ten cents. Address C. Gilmore, 213 North Eighth street, St. Louis. The WEEKLY BLADE and this magazine sent one year for $1.75.

A Fable for the Young.

Puck.

One very dark evening A Jenny was eating Grass at the end of her Tether in a Meadow, and a very Bad Boy was prodding her with a Short-Handled Fork. She Kicked at him a number of Times, but as it was very dark he kept Out of her Way. At last the Moon shone through, and The Jenny again took precise Aim and laid him Out in Great Shape.

Moral—"Wait Till the Clouds Roll By, Jenny."

Wells' May-apple (Liver) Pills. 10c and 25c

"Rough on Cough" Troches, 15c.; Liquid, 50c

Mother Swan's Worm Syrup, tasteless, effective; 25c.

A Terrible Weapon.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

In connection with the recent victory of Gen. Graham at Trinkitat it is observed that the famous Scotch regiments again held the post of honor, marching firmly into the thickest of the fight to the music of the bagpipes. The Scotch bagpipe is undoubtedly an effective instrument of war. It saves a great deal of bloodshed. Its wild strains scare the untutored Arab into a dead run.

"Rough on Corns" for Corns, Warts, Bunions, 15c.

"Rough on Rats" clears out Rats, Mice, Bts.

The "Rough on" Tooth Powder, elegant; 25c.

The Sunday School.

Christian Diligence.

LESSON 12, SUNDAY, MARCH 23, 1884.

Golden Text.—Be not weary in well-doing.—2 Thess. 3: 13.

LESSON TEXT.

2 Thess. 3: 1-18.

1. Finally, brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified, even as it is with you.

2. And that we may be delivered from unreasonable and wicked men, for all men have not faith.

3. But the Lord is faithful, who shall stablish you and keep you from evil.

4. And we have confidence in the Lord touching you, that ye both do and will do the things which we command you.

5. And the Lord direct your hearts into the love of God, and into the patient waiting for Christ.

6. Now we commend you, brethren, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye withdraw yourselves from every brother that walketh disorderly, and not after the tradition which ye received of us.

7. For yourselves know how ye ought to follow us; for we behaved not ourselves disorderly among you.

8. Neither did we eat any man's bread for naught, but wrought with labor and travail night and day, that we might not be chargeable to any of you.

9. Not because we have not power, but to make ourselves an ensample unto you to follow us.

10. For even when we were with you, this we commanded you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat.

11. For we hear that there are some which walk among you disorderly, working not at all, but are busybodies.

12. Now them are such we command and exort by our Lord Jesus Christ, that with quietness they work, and eat their own bread.

13. But ye, brethren, be not weary in well doing.

14. And if any man obey not our word by this epistle, note that man, and have no company with him, that he may be ashamed.

15. Yet count him not as an enemy, but admonish him as a brother.

16. Now the Lord of peace himself give you peace always by all means. The Lord be with you.

17. The salutation of Paul with mine own hand, which is the token in every epistle; so I write.

18. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

This lesson is full of suggestions and counsels, which are of wide and varied application in the sphere of the Christian life. Yet they may all be clustered under the head of:

OUR COMMON NEEDS IN CHRISTIAN SERVICE.

1. Each Other's Prayers (v. 1.)
2. Strength Against Evil Associates (vs. 2, 4.)
3. Love and Patience (v. 5.)
4. Independence in Well-doing (vs 6, 14 and 15.)
5. Occupation and Industry (vs 7, 12.)
6. Perseverance in the Right (v. 13.)
7. The Peace of God (v. 16, 18.)

1. EACH OTHER'S PRAYERS.

Finally, brethren, pray for us (v. 1.) It is not the Thessalonians who are asking the prayers of Paul for themselves, but it is Paul who is asking the prayers of the Thessalonians for himself, and for Silas and Timothy. These apostolic workers were as well able to pray for themselves as most men would be; and the Thessalonians had no advantage over them at the mercy seat. But Paul knew the value of intercessory prayer so well that he wanted its help in his behalf, from all who loved him, and loved his Master also. Prayer is a power in the plan of God; and prayer for others has a place in that plan, as apart from, or as in addition to, all prayer for one's self. It is a comfort to know that one who who loves us prays for us; it may well be a source of strength and cheer for us also. We need each other's prayers, and we have reason to prize them. And we ought to pray for those whom we love. It is sometimes the case, that all we can do for a loved one is to pray for him. Often, indeed, however much we can do, there is nothing which will prove of more worth to him than our prayers. He may not care much for our prayers. He may not even know of them. But God knows of them, and God values them at their highest.

2. STRENGTH AGAINST EVIL ASSOCIATES.

That may be delivered from unreasonable and evil men; for all have not faith (v. 2.) Even in the church, or in the best community, there are those with whom we are brought in contact who lack faith, and who lack the results of faith. Many of these are unreasonable and evil men. Some times they oppose us in our work; sometimes they ridicule our work by causing us to lose our patience and our temper through their unreasonableness and evil doing; some times they chill us, or deaden our energy, by their wretched example. In any event, all of us need strength against such associates; for unless we resist their influence and example, we are more likely to be brought down to their lowest level, than to bring them up to our highest level.

3. LOVE AND PATIENCE.

The Lord direct your hearts into the love of God, and into the patience of Christ (v. 5.) If our friends are going to pray for us, or if we are going to pray for friends, it is important to realize what are the things best worth praying for, by them or by us. Divine love which prompts to well-doing, and divine patience which will continue at well-doing, are at the bottom of all true character; and whatever else if prayed for, these graces should not be omitted from the intercessions. No human friendship is worth anything, is worthy even of the name of friendship, without both love and patience; love which prompts to do, and patience which persists in doing; love and patience which persists in doing; love and patience in spite of the trials and tests to which both of these qualities are sure to be subjected. And our friendship for Christ, and for those who are Christ's, requires all the graces which are necessary in a purely human friendship, moreover, they can be had for the asking.

4. INDEPENDENCE IN WELL-DOING.

Withdraw yourselves from every brother that walketh disorderly. Have no company with him. Yet count him not as an enemy, but admonish him as a brother (vs. 6, 14 and 15.) It is hard to rise above the level of our Christian surroundings. It requires character and courage to decide for ourselves what is right, and then to do it. In spite of the example or teachings of our Christian brethren. But this independence in well-doing is a duty which cannot be shirked with impunity. We must withdraw ourselves from every brother that walketh disorderly, having no company with him in his misdoing, even though he insists that his way is right, and that our views are straitlaced and puritanical. But this independence of action need not be in uncharitableness; nor does it call for any personal hostility toward those with whom we differ in doctrine or in practice. Christian brotherhood is not inconsistent with Christian independence.

5. OCCUPATION AND INDUSTRY.

Neither did we eat bread for naught at any man's hand, but in labor and travail, working night and day, to make ourselves an ensample unto you. If any will not work neither let him eat. We hear of some that work not at all but are busy-bodies. (v. 8 to 11.) There is no completeness of Christian character to any one who has not a regular business, or who is not faithful in his business. Here is one of the advantages of being compelled to work for one's living. Here is one of the disadvantages of being "so well off" as not to be compelled to work. In fact, if one doesn't have to work in an honest employment, he is likely to be at work in something which would better let alone. Dr. Watts and Paul seem to have had the same opinion. Dr. Watts says that the Devil always has work "for idle hands to do;" and Paul grimly calls those people who have nothing to do, "busybodies;" that is people who mind everybody's business except their own. Paul had heard of that sort of people in his day. He might hear of that sort of people in our day.

6. PERSEVERANCE IN THE RIGHT.

Brethren, be not weary in well-doing (v. 13.) It is tiresome work, going straight on in the path of duty, doing just right. With all the encouragements which there are to well-doing, it is a fatiguing fight to which the Christian believer is called. In any earthly conflict, the best soldier finds it a hard strain to keep up to his duty always. No young mother can fill her place as a mother, without feeling the strain on all of her powers; nor can any friend be unswervingly faithful to the best loved friend without recognizing the tax on mind and heart through the repeated calls for doing and enduring. How much more need is there of perseverance under the difficulties, and through the trials, and against the temptations, which surround and beset the follower of Christ, in the warfare of the present life. We must not be weary in, or of, well-doing; but it is hard not to be.

7. THE PEACE OF GOD.

Now the Lord of peace himself give you peace at all times in all ways (v. 16.) That is a prayer that all of us ought to offer for those whom we love, and that all of us ought to desire to have offered in our behalf. We need peace now, while we are still in strife; a peace which the world can neither give nor take away. The Lord of peace himself can give us that peace. The leading ours, the lack of everything else would be nothing. Without that, all besides in the universe would prove unsatisfying. Lord, evermore give us this peace.—*H. Clay Trumbull, in Sunday School Times.*

News of the Week

CONGRESSIONAL.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, March 4.

After the conclusion of the morning business, the Military Academy Appropriation bill was placed before the Senate. Sen. Logan said he was authorized by the Committee on Appropriations to offer an amendment providing that hereafter any Cadet dismissed for hazing should not be eligible to reappointment. He had consulted many of the best officers who had been in authority at the Academy. It was their and his own opinion that hazing could not be stopped without such a provision and he believed such a provision would stop it. The amendment was agreed to and the bill as amended passed.

Sen. Cockrell reported adversely a bill to authorise the Secretary of War to lend tents for the fifth annual reunion of sailors and soldiers of the Northwest at Chicago, in August. In presenting this report, Sen. Cockrell remarked that there were no tents that could be supplied for such a purpose, and it would be an enormous expense to the Government to undertake to procure them.

Sen. Morrill reported a bill to provide for the issue of duplicate checks by Government officials in cases of the loss of originals. Passed.

Bills introduced and referred: A bill granting a copyright to newspapers; also bills to provide for the erection of public buildings at Zanesville and Youngstown, O.

The Senate then took up and passed without debate a bill to punish counterfeiting of United States notes, bonds or other securities of foreign governments.

The Senate took up the bill to provide for the exercise of jurisdiction conferred on the United States in places out of their territory and dominion. When the reading of the bill was concluded the Senate went into executive session, and soon adjourned.

HOUSE.

Mr. Lamb reported a bill to amend the Chinese immigration act. Committee of the Whole.

Mr. Hitt submitted a minority report.

Mr. Wemple reported a bill for the permanent improvement of canals and maintaining the same free to the people. Committee of the Whole.

Mr. Hewitt reported a bill to prevent the adulteration of teas.

The House went into Committee of the Whole to continue the consideration of the Navy Appropriation bill. The debate upon the bill was prolonged.

Mr. Belford said the Democratic party yesterday, referring to the attempt to get up the wool question, presented a magnificent spectacle. It reminded him of a race horse that had entered the race and threw up its tail and jumped the track.

Mr. Randall objected to the line of argument.

Continuing, Mr. Belford said it was it was universally understood yesterday that Mr. Converse purposed bringing up his wool bill.

Mr. Randall again objected.

Mr. Belford replied, "No wonder you are afraid."

"The Democrats of the South," he continued, "have loaned themselves to a few leaders of the North, who are leading them to ruin. Your graves are dug, and we have contributed the money to decorate them."

Mr. Randall replied: "After the flight of fancy and dream from the members of the decaying party, I want to call back for consideration the Naval Appropriation bill." [Groans from the Republican side.] The debate then proceeded on the merits of the bill.

Mr. Calkins offered an amendment that after the first of July, 1884, the staff corps of the navy on the active list be reduced by reducing the number of medical directors from 13 to 5, pay directors from 13 to 5, and paymaster inspectors from 13 to 5, and placing officers removed on the retired list. Agreed to.

After further debate, and without action, the Committee rose and the House adjourned.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, March 5.

Sen. Garland reported favorably an original bill providing for the collection of statistics touching marriage and divorce.

The Chair laid before the Senate a bill extending the limits of Yellowstone Park and after debate, participated in by Sens. Vest, Dawes, McMillan and Harrison, the bill passed.

Sen. Conger introduced a bill to authorize the erection of a public building at Jackson, Mich.

The Senate then, on motion of Sen. Sawyer, passed the bill authorizing the Postmaster-General to lease buildings for Post-offices of the second and third classes at reasonable rates for terms not to exceed ten years.

The Chair laid before the Senate unfinished business, a bill providing for the exercise of jurisdiction conferred upon the United States in places outside of their domination. Debate arose, and while Sen. Pendleton was speaking Sen. Sherman asked and obtained unanimous consent to have read a message from the House announcing the agreement to the joint House resolution appropriating $10,000 for the Senate contingent fund. On reading the message it was found the concurrence of the House had been given coupled with a proviso that the money should be used for no investigation other than such as already had been ordered.

Sen. Baker and others, on hearing this condition, objected to it; present consideration, and it went over.

Sen. Butler said the condition was one that the House had no right to make.

Sen. Cockrell introduced a bill for the amendment of the statutes so as to give to processes of United States Courts the same force in all States that processes of the several States have in their respective States.

After further debate on the Pendleton bill the Senate went into executive session and soon adjourned.

HOUSE

A bill was passed making an appropriation of $5,100 to supply the deficiency in the amount required for expenditures to ascertain the depth of water and width of the channel in the south pass of the Mississippi River and gauge the waters of the Mississippi and tributaries.

Mr. Randall reported back a Senate joint resolution for the addition of $10,000 to the contingent fund of the Senate and for witness fees of the Danville investigation, with an amendment providing that they shall only be available for expenses of investigations heretofore ordered. The amendment was adopted and the joint resolution passed.

Mr. Ellis reported back adversely a bill for the relief of sufferers by the overflow of the lower Mississippi Valley and by the cyclone in North Carolina. Laid on the table. Also favorably, a resolution requesting the Secretary of War to furnish the House from time to time with information of the progress of floods in the valley of the Mississippi, and report, if at any time in his judgment there exists such suffering as to justify measures of relief on the part of Congress. Adopted.

Mr. Robertson reported a resolution unseating T. Luna, delegate from New Mexico, and seating in his place F. A. Manzanares. Manzanares appeared at the bar of the House and took the oath.

Mr. Lewis reported a bill to repeal section 22 of the act incorporating the Texas Pacific Railroad Co., and to declare the forfeiture of the land grant therein made. Calendar.

Mr. Collins reported a bill to establish a system of bankruptcy throughout the United States. Committee of the Whole.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the Naval Appropriation bill, the pending amendment being that offered by Mr. McMillan, reducing the number of Captains to 30, number of Commanders to 50, and providing that no more promotions be made to these grades until the numbers are reduced below the numbers mentioned.

Mr. McMillan's amendment was lost.

Mr. Calkins moved to strike out the provision prohibiting promotion in various grades on land and the staff of the Navy till such grades should be reduced to the number fixed by the Naval Act of 1883, and the amendment adopted yesterday reducing the staff corps was agreed to—88 to 65.

Mr. Belford moved to increase to $50,000,000 the appropriation for emergencies and extraordinary expenses, and made one of his characteristic speeches, criticising the Democratic party for appropriating for these emergencies the magnificent sum of $150,000. The amendment was withdrawn.

On motion of Mr. Randall an amendment was adopted providing that the amount appropriated by the paragraph shall be apportioned in monthly installments and the apportionment shall be adhered to unless in some emergency.

Mr. Calkins raised the point of order against the paragraph reappropriating for the use of the bureau of steam engineering the unexpended balance of the appropriation of $1,600,000—about $170,000—made by the last Naval bill for engines and machinery of double turreted monitors.

The Chair having overruled the point of order, Mr. Reed moved to strike out the paragraph. The motion was lost.

An amendment offered by Mr. Calkins, uniting in one head the Bureau of Steam Engineering and Construction and Repair, was rejected.

The Committee then rose. Adjourned.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, March 6.

Among memorials presented was one by Sen. Cockrell from the United Labor organizations of St. Louis, protesting against the attempts of employes, as illustrated by the recent events in Connecticut with glass blowers and other trades, to reduce the consumption of American labor to a point of a level with the pauper labor of Europe, and praying for the passage of laws to restrict the wholesale immigration, intended to effect a reduction in wages of American workingmen. In presenting the memorial and moving its reference to the Committee on Education and Labor, Sen. Cockrell took occasion to commend it to the serious consideration of that committee. Referred.

Sen. Sewell presented a memorial and series of resolutions from the Senate of New Jersey, opposing the Morrison Tariff bill, and expressing the belief of that body that anything approaching a tariff for revenue only would materially injure, if not totally destroy, the manufacturing interest in New Jersey, and reduce the wages of American workingmen to a point entirely inconsistent with the demands upon them as members of society in the United States.

Sen. Sherman called up the message announcing the action of the House on the Senate joint resolution appropriating $10,000 for the contingent fund of the Senate. The amendment of the House, which provides that money so appropriated shall only be used for the investigations already ordered, was read, and after a general expression of views of Senators, unanimously condemning the amendment of the House as an unjustifiable interference of that body with the independence of the Senate, a vote by ayes and nays was taken, and the Senate unanimously decided not to concur in the amendment, and a committee consisting of Messrs. Sherman, Wilson and Butler was appointed to confer with a like committee from the House on the subject.

Bills reported favorably and placed on the Calendar: A bill fixing the rate of postage to be paid on mail matter of the second class when sent by others than the publishers or news agents. (It fixes the rate for transient newspapers at one cent for four ounces.)

Sen. Logan called up a bill providing for refunding to Frailer & Devereux, of Chicago, the sum of $15, erroneously paid the United States. Some reference being made to the smallness of the amount, Sen. Logan said some people had thought that an objection to the consideration by Congress of the bill to return money to parties who paid it. This did not seem to him to be a wholesome objection. Indeed he thought it the special merit of the bill. People who were poor were as much entitled to their just dues as those who were rich. The bill passed.

Sen. Pendleton's bill providing for a system of courts for the exercise of authority conferred upon the United States in places outside of their territory and dominion, passed—31 yeas, 11 nays.

The Senate went into Executive session, and when the doors were reopened proceeded to the consideration of bills upon its calendar.

A bill reported by Sen. Manderson, appropriating $200,000 to Col. Albert H. Emery for the invention and construction of a machine for testing iron and steel was taken up and after debate passed. Adjourned.

HOUSE.

The Speaker announced the appointment of Mr. Manzanares, from New Mexico, upon the Committee of Lounge, Weights and Measures. The morning hour was dispensed with and the House went into Committee of the Whole, Mr. Converse of Ohio, in the chair, on the Naval Appropriation bill.

In the course of the discussion Mr. Henly reflected severely on the present Secretary of the Navy for instigating, as he believed, methods by which employes of the Mare Island Navy Yard were compelled to vote the Republican ticket at the last election.

Mr. Reed inquired whether any one had been murdered for not voting right, to which Mr. Henly replied that it would not be much loss to the world if the men who inspired such methods were murdered.

Mr. Glasscock interjected information that the employes, if not murdered, at any rate were discharged if they did not vote right.

Mr. Randall denied that the Committee on Appropriations exhibited the least hostility to building up the navy.

Mr. Belford offered an amendment authorizing the detail of naval line officers to act as instructors in State Universities and Agricultural Colleges, provided the total number detailed shall not exceed 40. Adopted.

Mr. Calkins moved to amend the clause prohibiting officers on the retired list from accepting position in the civil service of the United States, by providing that the prohibition shall not apply to any officer below the rank of Major General of the army or Commander in the navy who has been retired by reason of wounds received in the service. Adopted.

The committee rose and reported the bill to the House and it passed—yeas, 259; nays, 1, (White, of Kentucky).

On motion of Mr. Randall the request of the Senate for a conference on the joint resolution increasing the contingent fund of the Senate was agreed to and Messrs. Randall, Holman, and Ryan were appointed conferees. Adjourned.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, March 7.

The bill to establish a Bureau of Statistics on Labor being reached on the calendar, Mr. Hoar said the subject was one of great importance. It bore upon the collection of statistics relating to wages of American labor, and while disclaiming any purpose of making any bid for votes he would say, that if the existing rate of wages paid workmen in this country could not be maintained and increased, he, for his part, despaired of the maintenance of the republic for many generations. It seemed to him impossible to have a republic founded on universal suffrage, unless the great mass of the community could receive as a reward of their labor a sum sufficient to afford them comfort, and enable them to educate their children, and develop in them a patriotic interest in the republic.

Sens. Hawley, Plumb and others thought there were already enough bureaus of statistics to accomplish the purpose of the bill.

The hour of 2 o'clock arrived and the bill went over.

The Senate took up for consideration a bill for the relief of the heirs of Maurice Grivot. The bill provides for the repayment to the heirs of Grivot of about $700, constituting a bank deposit seized by order of Gen. Banks, in New Orleans, on his taking possession of that City.

Sen. Conger strenuously opposed the bill on the ground that it was an entering wedge for a large number of claims similar in character. A protracted debate ensued. A motion of Sen. Ingalls to indefinitely postpone was voted down and the bill passed—40 yeas, 9 nays.

Mr. Plumb reported favorably a House bill declaring forfeited the lands granted to the Texas Pacific Railroad Company.

HOUSE.

A bill was reported granting a pension to the widow of Gen. Francis P. Blair.

The Speaker announced unfinished business to be a further consideration of the bill authorizing the retirement of Alfred Pleasanton with rank of Colonel.

Mr. Steele moved to recommend the bill without instructions. Carried—yeas, 120; nays, 115.

Mr. Brown (Ind.) immediately introduced a bill granting Alfred Pleasanton a pension of $100 a month. An objection was made to its present consideration. Referred to the Committee on Invalid Pensions.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the private calendar. The Committee remained in session until 4 o'clock, when several private bills were reported back to the House and passed.

The House took a recess till 7:30.

At the evening session the House passed a number of pension bills and adjourned.

HOUSE.

WASHINGTON, March 8.

Under call of Committees the following reports were submitted:

A resolution confirming the rights of Rep. Skinner, of North Carolina, to his seat in the House. Laid over.

To divide the State of Illinois into three judicial districts. House calendar.

For the erection of public buildings at Duluth, Minn., and Akron, O. Committee of the Whole.

By Rep. Dingley (adversely)—Authorizing the purchase of foreign-built ships by United States citizens for use in the foreign carrying trade. House calendar.

Mr. Slocum presented the views of the minority, which were ordered printed.

Mr. Morrison moved that the House go into Committee of the Whole on the revenue bills, pending which Mr. Townshend, of Illinois, moved that the House go into Committee on the General Appropriation bills.

The object of Mr. Morrison's motion was to take up for consideration the bonded extension bill. The House, however, refused to adopt it—yeas, 118; nays, 197. The vote in no sense a party vote, as a large number of Democrats voted in the negative with Republicans, and an almost equally large number of Republicans with the body of Democrats in the affirmative. Nor can it be ascertained in the light of a strict test vote on the whisky bill, as the fact that it was antagonized by an appropriation bill induced many members to vote against it who will probably support it when it comes squarely before the House, and several Republicans voted for it for the purpose of immediately moving to strike out the enacting clause.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the Postoffice appropriation bill.

Mr. Townshend explained the provisions of the bill.

Mr. Hoar said there undoubtedly would be a deficiency of $3,500,000 if the bill passed in its present shape, and the only offset the Committee provided was the cutting down of $19,000 in the salaries of Postmasters in nine cities. He was opposed to this provision, contending that Postmasters in large cities fully earned the salaries they were now receiving.

Mr. Sumner (Cal.) advocated establishing a postal telegraph, asserting its constitutionality and maintaining the advisability of such a step. He declared if there had been a postal telegraph in 1876, Samuel J. Tilden would have taken possession of the position to which he had been elected then, and which it was likely he would be elected again in 1884.

The Committee, without further action, rose.

Mr. Hunt offered a resolution calling on the Secretary of War for information as to whether he has made or published any rules or regulations relating to the control or navigation of the South Pass of the Mississippi River, or any other public waters of the State of Louisiana, and if so, by what authority. Adopted.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, March 10.

Bills reported favorably and placed on the calendar: To amend sections 3,929 and 4,041 of the Revised Statutes, authorizing the Postmaster General to prohibit the delivery of registered letters and the payment of money orders, and providing for the return of the same; to release to Indiana the title of the United States to certain lands in that State.

The bill to provide a Bureau of Statistics and Labor coming up as unfinished business, it was debated until 2 o'clock, when it went over until to-morrow.

Senate went into Executive session for the consideration of the Mexican treaty, and when the doors reopened, adjourned.

HOUSE.

Mr. Keifer reported back the Military Academy Appropriation bill with Senate amendments recommending concurrence in the amendment providing that any cadet dismissed for hazing shall not be eligible to reappointment, and non-concurrence in the other amendments. The recommendations were agreed to.

Bills introduced: Granting the Kansas City, Fort Scott & Gulf Railroad Company the right of way through Indian Territory; to incorporate Yellowstone Park Railroad Company; for erection of a public building at Oakland, Cal., to cost $100,000; for the enforcement of public or private justice and for the relief of Congress from the consideration of disputed claims; for the relief of pilots who served in the rebellion; for carrying on the improvement and repairs of rivers and harbors by contract; authorizing the construction of bridges across the Great Kanawha, and prescribing their dimensions; granting copyright to newspapers. (This is identical with the bill introduced in the Senate by Sen. Sherman, and limits the time of copyright to eight hours;) to authorize the establishment of export t

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

NEW YORK, March 9.—The police to-day arrested Jesse Williams, a negro coachman, and Gertrude Ash, a colored servant, as accomplices in one of the most brutal murders and robberies in the City since the Hull murder in 1876. The victim of the present was Maggie Harvey, aged 18, and niece of Mrs. George Sloane, whose husband is a prominent merchant of this City, who occupies a flat in a large house on West Thirty-second street and Broadway. Gertrude Ash was a servant in the family, and was regarded as industrious and o.ls. Saturday evening Mr. and Mrs. Slo e went out, leaving Miss Harvey in charge of her little niece, 2½ years old. Miss Harvey retired at 10:30. Sloane's little girl slept with her. In the bed-room is a large closet. Miss Harvey had just retired when she heard a strange noise. Looking around she saw the closet door swing open and Williams sprang forward, grasping her by the throat, and threatened to kill her if she made an outcry. The commotion wakened the child, and it began to cry. Williams threatened to kill it if Miss Harvey did not make it still. He demanded to know where her money was kept, and ordered her to give him the keys, which he obtained after threats if she did not obey him. When she said she didn't know where they were kept, he dragged her from the bed, still retaining his grasp upon her throat, and threw her violently upon the floor. He then stuffed a handkerchief in her mouth and tied towels around her head, then fastened her hands behind her and tied her feet. He then ransacked the apartments, picking up whatever he found of value, and escaped by way of the window, which led to the fire escape.

Mr. and Mrs. Sloane returned about 11:30, noticed the disordered condition of the dining room, and suspected something. They went to Miss Harvey's room and found her as above stated, unconscious, and he must soon have died. She was with difficulty restored to consciousness, and told her story. Her body is covered with bruises and marks of her brutal treatment are plainly visible about her neck. She was in a very critical condition to-day. The police were promptly summoned, and Capt. Williams with two detectives arrived. They soon found the fire escape led to the room occupied by Gertrude Ash. The window was partly open, and a detective entered. He found Williams under the bed. On going down down stairs Williams made frantic efforts to escape. Several blows on the head subdued him, and was handcuffed and taken to the police station. Gertrude Ash was also arrested and locked up. She denied she knew Williams, and said she was ignorant of his presence in the house. It was learned, however, from a negro that Williams and the girl were considered engaged. Williams is 21 years; Ash 19. About $600 worth of jewelry and silver ware was found in a pillow case in the servant's room.

JACKSON, Mich., March 7.—This morning the examination of Jud Crouch and Dan. S. Holcomb, charged with the famous quadruple murder of the Crouch family, November 21, began in the presence of a large crowd of people which thronged every available space of the Court house. The forenoon was consumed in the examination of three witnesses—Reardon, Parks, and Hutchins. The former testified as to finding the bodies, and other well-known facts. Hutchins told of the conduct of Holcomb and Jud Crouch after the murder was made known to them. He stated they acted unconcerned; but was not affected by the news, as he could see.

On the adjournment, as Holcomb and Crouch were led back to jail, the crowd pressed forward to get a good look at them. The crush was fearful, several women fainted, and were carried away. Finally the crowd began to trample to death. All portions of the County are represented, and the interest is intense.

HILLSDALE, March 4.—Hon. George A. Smith, of Somerset, was gored by a cow on the 30th ult., and very seriously if not fatally injured. The horn of the cow entered the right thigh and flesh, muscles and veins were almost entirely torn from the bones, and the flesh was cut in a gulp from the knee to the thigh. The large artery was so badly bruised that it was necessary to tie it. The surgeons report him in a very precarious condition. Mr. Smith has been Senator from this County, and is now a member of the Board of Control of the Reform School. He is one of the largest farmers and stockraisers in Southern Michigan.

WARRENTON, Mo., March 4.—It seems the absence of the neighbors was called to the residence of John Glascock by the appearance of his house being on fire. When entered and the fire extinguished, the body of his wife, a son aged seven, a baby and child between, were found dead and weltering in their blood from pistol shots, one each in the wife, two or three in the child, and three in the eldest boy. Shortly afterwards a shot was heard in the direction of the woods, a short distance off, and the body of John Glascock himself was discovered. The deduction is he murdered his family, reloaded his revolver, fired his house to conceal the crime, and then killed himself. Assassination is the extinguishment of the fire told him his crime was revealed. He was a son of Thos. Glascock, who lives beyond the Farquhar line in London, but owns more land in Fulton than any other single person has, or than any other two men in the County. The wife of John Glascock was a Miss Fr zer, of London, and of most respectable family. Glascock was given to drink, and it is believed was crazed by liquor.

BOSTON, Feb. 5.—The United States local inspectors who inspected the wreck of the steamer "City of Columbus," with a loss of 75 of her 80 passengers and 38 of 45 of the crew, reported the backing of the engines after the ship struck as a fatal mistake. The report goes on to say: "When the last course was given Mate Harding by Capt. Wright the ship was where any ordinary landsman could have taken her past the fatal rocks without chart or compass. We cannot help believing had a special pilot been on duty no such disaster could have happened on such a night. The immediate and direct cause of this disaster was the neglect of the man or men to watch the ship's course. Capt. S. E. Wright was the only legal pilot on duty at the time of the disaster, and for two hours immediately preceding and at least one hour before she struck was not at his post of duty as pilot attending to his actual duties, and as master for illegally delegating the duties of pilot to those unauthorized and for inattention to his duties as pilot, his license as master and pilot is hereby revoked."

SANDUSKY, March 4.—George Thompson, aged 24, was murdered near Huron, this County, this evening, by William McMillan. Thompson and McMillan lived on adjoining farms. The latter went to Huron to-day, got drunk, returned home and abused his wife shamefully. While his wife was calling for help, Thompson approached the house and McMillan seized a shotgun and killed him almost instantly. Thompson was a quiet, inoffensive man. He did not know of any trouble at McMillan's house, and would not have started for there had he known of the quarrel. He and McMillan and wife were on good terms, and it had been his habit to call there frequently. McMillan committed suicide.

WASHINGTON, March 4.—Frank Langston, son of Prof. Langston (colored), United States Minister to Hayti, shot and killed John Spencer (colored), and seriously and probably fatally wounded Dennis Williams (colored), to-night. From the best information obtainable it appears that several men were engaged in a street fight when Langston appeared, and, taking out his pistol, fired with the results stated. Both Spencer and Williams were mere spectators. At a late hour to-night Langston was still at large, but the police were in close pursuit.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., March 4.—United States Commissioner Bradford heard a curious case of counterfeiting to-day. Daniel Feaster and his wife, aged 17 and 14 years, respectively, and Charles Arnold and his wife, aged 25 and 29 years, were held for trial under heavy bonds. The gang was an independent one, operating in Smithfield, Fulton County. They were arrested in the act of making spurious silver dollars. The two girls were detected in casting the metal. None of them seem to realize the enormity of their offense. A variety of crude tools was captured.

NEW YORK, March 5.—Ambrose H. Purdy, a prominent lawyer, was arrested at his residence in West Fiftieth street for alleged implication in the exposed bogus divorce transactions in Kings County. He was taken to Brooklyn and locked up in default of $2,000 bail.

COLDWATER, March 4.—Isaac Grundy, a man nearly 60 years of age, shot himself to-day by cutting his throat. The leaves a family of 13 children. Domestic trouble is assigned as the cause.

NEW YORK, March 6.—Four hundred persons, including leading sporting men and prominent politicians, at 3 o'clock this morning witnessed a hard glove fight at a well-known resort on Coney Island, between Billy Gracy, of Green Point, and Jack Dempsey, of New York. The fight was for the light-weight championship, $500 stakes and the gate money, [illegible] years of age, and [illegible] pounds. Dempsey [illegible] 35 years. The men were [illegible] watched and pummeled each other [illegible] Gracy threw up the sponge [illegible] fourth round.

[illegible] March 7.—A telephonic message [illegible] Sheriff Beers states that Frank Bands, [illegible] who made an attempt upon [illegible] Deputy McDonald last Saturday [illegible] of Joliet, and who was placed in solitary confinement, succeeded in ending his career by hanging himself last night. Bande's real name was Charles C. Scott. He killed no less than five men in 1877, and is supposed to have murdered 13 persons in Indiana, Illinois and Missouri. He was originally sentenced to the Iowa penitentiary for burglary, escaped, and fearing arrest, became a tramp. He was afterward sent to the Michigan City prison for burglary, under another name, and left there in 1877. He robbed a farmer near Gilson, Ill., and being pursued by a party of six he killed two and wounded three others. He committed an almost similar robbery near St. Elmo, Ill., and, being followed by a party of citizens, killed three of the latter and escaped. He was finally captured in St. Louis, after a desperate struggle with the officers, and on his trial for the Gilson tragedy, escaped with a life sentence. His prison life has been marked with three or four acts of desperation similar to that of last Saturday night. He used his underclothing to affect his death, and his lifeless body was discovered on opening the solitary this morning.

CHICAGO, March 4.—Eva McMahon, a little girl, died of hydrophia in a suburban Town on the lake this evening. This is the third death here from this disease within a week.

EMPORIA, Kan., March 7.—James L. Daugherty, mail agent on the Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad, shot and seriously wounded Prof. Nutting, a music teacher of this City. The affair grew out of the intimacy between Nutting and Dougherty's wife. Public sentiment is with Dougherty.

BOSTON, March 11.—Nathan P. Pratt, formerly Treasurer of the Reading, Mass., Savings Bank, convicted of smuggling funds in 1879, was sentenced to four years' imprisonment at hard labor. Pratt is 73 years old, and pending proceedings was confined in jail five years. The original defalcation was $100,000, but a portion of the money was recovered, and the loss to depositors was about $40,000. It was shown defendant did not profit by the defalcation. Though nominally Treasurer, his son, Sidney P. Pratt, conducted the business and the loss, it was alleged, occurred through his conduct. He disappeared when the defalcation became known and has never since been heard from.

MONROE, La., March 10.—Thursday night John Rodgers and wife, 77 and 65 years old, were murdered, it is supposed, by John Mullican and John Clark. The bodies were not discovered until Saturday, when a posse started in pursuit of the murderers. The men had taken lodging for the night at Rodgers' house. The old couple, sitting by the fire, were shot and instantly killed. The place was ransacked, but the murderers failed to get any money, which was concealed in the mattress. The murderers escaped on stolen horses.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., March 10.—In the trial of Michael Harrington, for a gross assault upon Martha T. Benjamin, a school teacher, there was a complete identification of the prisoner, who at the same time made out a perfect alibi. M. A. Fowler, for the prosecution, charged that there wasn't a man who ever attended the Catholic Church at Sylvan Lake for years past present to ominously adopted. The Faculty are accused of keeping spies peeping into rooms, desks, etc.

The Mexican Central Railroad, 1,214 miles in length, will be completed this week, the gap last evening being only nine miles. Charles A. Dana and a party of New York capitalists are soon to start for a tour of Mexico, and will be joined by Simon Cameron.

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CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

It is reported that moonshiners have hanged an Internal Revenue informer in Floyd County, Va.

Cattle near La Salle, Ill., are said to be suffering from a strange disease of the bowels, which in many cases has proved fatal.

A meeting of barbed wire fence manufacturers was held at St. Louis, and it is said the price of barbed wire was advanced half a cent a pound.

Wash Wilson shot a man named Taylor dead at Rockmount, La., during a Democratic primary election. He claims he acted in self-defense.

At a religious revival at New Haven, Ind., a young man arose in a frenzy, and shouting "The Lord be praised," fired four revolver shots through his left hand.

Charles H. Reed, the assassin Guiteau's counsel, says his client disclaimed any influence except that from on high which prompted him to shoot the President.

The Hill school house, in the suburbs of Pottstown, Pa., a private educational institution, burned. Loss, $30,000; partially insured. Seventy pupils escaped uninjured.

A petition is circulating for the pardon of the Joliet life-convict Raab, who saved the life of McDonald when the latter was attacked by Rande, on Sunday. McDonald will recover.

The fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the City of Toronto was celebrated Friday. Church bells were rung and 50 guns fired. The public free library was formally opened.

The young men who were appointed clerks for Senators at $5 per day, to be paid by Uncle Sam, have not been paid, for the reason that there is no money appropriated available for such purpose.

Cornell University has added another Japanese student to its rolls in the person of S. Arakawa, who was the official representative of Japan at the Boston Exposition of Foreign Produce during the last year.

At Cattlettsburg, Ky., a sudden rise in the Big Sandy of five feet caused disastrous work among logs awaiting shipment. The steamer "Spurlock" narrowly escaped destruction by rushing logs. No estimate of the extent of the loss.

It is estimated that from 12,000 to 35,000 Mexican veterans survive, and 1,000 widows who were left behind before the war broke out. The pensions called for under the Townshend bill, will therefore amount to from one to three millions annually.

Earl Granville has assured France that England intends to maintain existing conventions with the Soudan. It is necessary first, however, to restore the prestige of the English name in that quarter. The acts of Gen. Gordon are only partially approved.

The House Committee on Invalid Pensions agreed to report a bill to allow the widow of Gen. Frank P. Blair $5,000, and a pension of $50 per month for money expended and service rendered the Union cause by her husband during the late war.

At Princeton, N. J., at an indignation mass meeting almost the entire Princeton College were present. Resolutions that the Trustees investigate the Faculty were unanimously adopted. The Faculty are accused of keeping spies peeping into rooms, desks, etc.

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Minor Mentions.

William Buchner, Collec or of Customs at Fort Erie, Ont., is a defaulter in $5,000.

At Lacouia, N. H., Freeman Wilson, proprietor of the Daggle Hotel, was probably fatally stabbed by Fred Dow, while drunk.

Gould P. Austin, a pension attorney of Washington, gets nine months in jail for defrauding Mrs. Helen H. Richardson, of Adrian.

David McClain, white, who enticed W. H. Saxton to his gate February 5, 1879, and shot him dead in the presence of his family, was hanged at Traders Hill, Ga. McClain raved like a maniac.

At Bay City, Margaret Snay, a woman of the town, was found dead in bed frozen. It is supposed that she had been dead three or four days. Her husband died in the Detroit House of Correction.

Two indictments for murder, three for assault with intent to kill, and one each for robbery and burglary have been found against Charles A. Bragg, the colored assassin of Long Island.

At Lake Providence, La., Nosh Jackson, a negro, was hanged for the murder of his 15-year old wife last July. The execution was witnessed by 2,000 people. Jealousy was the cause of the crime.

In a quarrel at San Leandro, Cal., William Sellard drew a revolver and shot Aleck Dietrichser, a saloon-keeper, dead. When Sellard's father was told the news he exclaimed: "My God! can this be?" and fell dead.

Dexter Mullengors made an unsuccessful attempt at suicide at Greenfield, Ind., with laudanum. He was recently from Jeffersonville Prison. He says he will kill himself yet. He was at one time a leading actor in Germany.

John Griffith, of Frederick County, Md., was found dead Sunday by the roadside, and it was thought he had been frozen to death. But his watch and $8,000 were missing, and detectives have arrested Phillip Stanton and Samuel Steiner for murder.

Harrison Williams, colored, who murdered his sister-in-law last June because she complained to the authorities that he ill-treated his wife, was hung at Corsicana, Tex. The execution, though ostensibly private, was witnessed by crowds of people on neighboring buildings.

Jesse Stevens, colored, was hanged at West Point, Miss., for the murder of an old negro named Perch Westbrook last July. An immense crowd, principally colored, witnessed the execution. On the scaffold Stevens said he had made his peace with God and was going straight home to Jesus.

While skating on the lake off Racine, Alex. Jones, 14 years of age, disappeared through an air-hole, and his companions, who rushed to his assistance, saw him through the clear ice 20 feet from the hole, where he was swept by the undercurrent, and tried to break through with their skates, while he bumped with his head; but they could not break the ice, and he drowned as they gazed on him.

Wheat and Corn.

WASHINGTON, March 10.—The report of the consumption and distribution of corn and wheat in the United States from returns to the Department of Agriculture to the 1st of March, show that 81 per cent. of the corn crop has gone into consumption, leaving 33 per cent. still remaining on hand, against 36 per cent. of the crop of 1882 on the 1st of March, 1883. This shows a reduction of about 70,000,000 bushels. On the belt including Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa, producing 558,000,000 bushels, the stock is only 155,000,000, which is less by 54,000,000 than the stock on the 1st of March, '83.

The proportion of merchantable corn is 60 per cent., of 936,000,000 bushels. In average years, according to these returns, it is 80 per cent.

The wheat of 1883 remaining on hand is returned as 119,000,000 bushels, or 25 per cent. of the crop. On the 1st of March, 1883, the quantity on hand aggregated 145,000,000 bushels.

Gen. Grant's Views.

NORFOLK, Va., March 10.—Gen. Grant was interviewed at the Hygea Hotel yesterday. He gave it as his best judgment that either Arthur or Blaine would be the Republican nominee for President, and he thought the recent Southern outrages would enter largely into the campaign as a battering ram of the Republicans against the Democrats.

The General deems Mississippi and South Carolina Republican with a fair election. He thought the Copiah County outrages would figure ahead of the Danville riots, because they show up the Democracy in a bad light.

Municipal Elections in Maine.

BANGOR, March 10.—The Republicans carried four of the seven Wards. No choice for Mayor; Humphrey lacked 77 votes of a majority. The Republicans make a net gain of 329 over last year.

In Augusta the election resulted in no choice for Mayor. The Republicans elected three Aldermen; and citizens and Democrats combined, elected four.

At Bedford, Mayor Staples, Democrat, was elected. The Democrats carried six out of seven Wards.

Morrison's Tariff Bill.

WASHINGTON, March 11.—In the House Morrison reported favorably the bill to reduce import duties and the war tariff (the new tariff bill) accompanied with a written report.

The minority [illegible]

Remarkable Bad Luck.

Such bad luck was never experienced by any Lottery Company, as has lately attached to the Henry College Lottery. See the statistics, showing so many large prizes, sold in so short a time. This proves their drawings are fair beyond question. They offer $110,400 in Prizes at their drawing March 27th. Cardital prizes, $20,000, $10,000, $5,000 &c. Tickets only $5. Halves $1. Send your order to J. J. Douglas, Covington, Ky.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

LONDON, March 9.—While the animals belonging to Sanger's menagerie were being removed from the train at the depot of the town in Kent, two elephants, alarmed at the whistling of the engines, broke loose and careered wildly through the streets, breaking the massive gates at the depot, and attacking three persons, two of whom were seriously injured. They finally entered the Cal de Sac and made their way into a house on the flooring of which gave way and the animals were precipitated into the cellar, from which, after an hour's work, they were drawn by other elephants. The wildest excitement prevailed upon the streets.

BERLIN, Feb. 6.—The National Liberals decide not to raise a discussion on the Lasker incident in the Reichstag until the matter has been internationally disposed of.

A fusion of the Secessionist and Progressist parties has been effected. The new combination will be called the German Liberal party. Its program embraces strict adherence to the Constitution, annual budgets, universal suffrage, secret voting, payment of members of the Reichstag, liberty of the press, public meetings and association, equality before the law, religious liberty and perfect equality of all creeds, economic progress, suppression of State Socialism, just assessment and taxation, with exemption of articles of consumption. It will oppose any economic customs policy favoring special interests; is against monopolies, and advocates the unimpaired maintenance of National defense, with universal military service, for a short period, and with an annual fixing of the peace contingency of the army. It further declares that progress must be based upon allegiance to the Emperor and the Federal Constitution.

PARIS, March 10.—Louis, the valet of the Petit Circle Club, in whose possession the marked cards and money were found, has been confronted with members present when the card marking was discovered. He began at first making an explanation, but finally refused to speak.

KHARTOUM, March. 10.—Gordon advises the appointment of Zobehr Pasha to succeed himself as Governor of the Soudan. He thinks Zobehr, if adequately supported, would dispose of Mahdi within a year. He strongly denounces the proposed British expedition to reconquer the Soudan. He expresses deep anxiety about the situation at Khartoum. Unless the British act promptly in regard to Zobehr's appointment, the victory of Graham will, he thinks, have been useless bloodshed. He does not believe in sending further telegrams, as is no longer a question of days, but of hours.

It is reported that Sheikh Obeid, on the other side of the Blue Nile, has risen. If this is true telegraphs will be cut forthwith. It is improbable the rebels will attack Khartoum. They will try to starve the City into submission.

PARIS, March 10.—An Advanced Irish Nationalist has declared the Nationalists are annoyed, but in nowise discouraged at the failure of the dynamite attempts. They are determined to persevere. He predicted a long series of explosions in England in the immediate future. A mechanism has been invented which renders explosion certain, and obvitates the use of clock-work.

At a recent meeting of Inviucibles here lots were drawn for men to accomplish the murder of McDermott. This resulted in the selection of four men. It was decided to seek McDermott in other capitols of Europe if he could not be found in Paris. Tynan, the supposed notorious "Number One," has been written to, and is expected in Paris early in the Summer, when he will assume the entire direction of operations.

VIENNA, March 10.—The murder of a policeman at Grunn, Capitol of Moravia, is announced. It is believed to be the work of Anarchists. The police of Vienna and Pesth are busy unveiling an extensive Anarchist plot.

LONDON, March 10.—The Fenian O'Leary writes the Pall Mall Gazette that the doings of the dynamiters are utterly abhorrent to his nature. Seventy picked detectives have been collected in London and instructed in a system of espionage regarding dynamiters.

MONTREAL, March 10.—The snow storm the past two days has been the most serious of the Winter. Canada Pacific trains today were cancelled, and branch roads hopelessly blocked. The snow is eight feet high. Two trains from Ottawa, due here Saturday, pushed as far as Glen Robertson, where they came to a stand-still. The passengers were obliged to drive to Coteau, whence they were conveyed to Montreal to-day. The running of trains throughout New Brunswick is seriously interfered with.

SUAKIM, March 10.—Gen. Graham's advance has been postponed till Wednesday, owing to the necessity of forming water depots, on the route to Tamaneb. Digma has left Sinkat at the head of 4,000 men to defend Tamaneb. It is expected the fight will take place Friday, and if Osman Digma is defeated the British will advance to Sinkitat.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N.Y.*

The Foot and Mouth Disease.

TOPEKA, March 10.—Major Sims returned yesterday from the district infected by the foot and mouth disease. The district, thirty-five miles in area, is now rigidly quarantined and every effort will be made to stamp out the disease. Dr. Holcomb visited Chase County, upon a report the disease had appeared there, and after a careful examination pronounced the herd in question free from the disease. A public meeting will be held at Neosha Falls to-morrow, when a systematic movement will be at once inaugurated. It is proposed to buy all infected cattle, kill them, and burn their bodies. Railroads in the district have given assurance of their co-operation in the work of preventing the spread of the disease. Reports from Northern, Western and Southern parts of the State indicate cattle and sheep in good condition, having passed unusually well through the winter season.

Prohibition in Connecticut.

HARTFORD, March 5.—The Prohibition State Convention made the following nominations: Governor, Elisha H. Palmer; Lieutenant Governor, Franklin H. Sage; Secretary of State, Aaron Moorehouse; Treasurer, Edmund Tutle; Comptroller, Calvin S. Harrington. Delegates to the National Convention were also appinted. Resolutions were adopted demanding that the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors be prohibited by law and by constitutional amendment; denouncing the dominant political parties for their subserviency to the saloon interest, as exhibited in repealing prohibitory laws and enacting license laws, and in their refusal to submit a constitutional amendment to the people.

New York Liquor Dealers to Organize.

UTICA, N. Y., Feb. 6.—The liquor dealers, in State Convention assembled, declare in their resolutions that the business of the liquor dealers is legitimate and worthy of protection and respect by the laws of the State; dealers have, with other citizens, a common object, the advancement of the interest of the whole people; it is not their intention to ask from the different political parties a fair and explicit excise law, but they determine to organize in every Assembly District for the preservation of their liberties as business men.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO. 106 Wall St., N. Y.

The Markets.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, WEDNESDAY, March 12, 1884.

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday:

Loans, decrease	$ 3,841,600
Specie, decrease	4,350,000
Legal tenders, decrease	2,095,000
Deposits, decrease	4,666,400
Circulation, increase	105,000
Reserve, decrease	5,879,050

The banks are $12,821,675 in excess of legal requirements.

To-day's reports up to the latest hour by telegraph to the BLADE say money is easy at 1½@2 ₱ cent. Prime mercantile paper, 4@5½ ₱ cent. Bar silver, 113. Sterling Exchange $4.86¾ for long and $4.88¾ for short. Government Bonds—firm. Stocks—Market unsettled and easy at noon.

Government Bonds—3s, registered, 101 bid; 4½s, 113¾; 4s, 123¾; Pacific 6s, '95, 129 bid.

The following will show the change in Government bonds during the past week:

	March 11.	Feb. 4.
6's, coupons	113¾	113¾
4's	123¾	123¾
4's registered	101	101
Pacific 6's of '95	129	129

TRADE.

The movement of general merchandise during the past week was in excess of the preceding one. The industrial situation points to a more favorable aspect, and with milder weather business is expected to be considerably more active.

THE MARKETS.

On Tuesday of last week, No 2 Red wheat was worth 100c in this market; on Wednesday it would have brought 100c; on Thursday the nominal value was 99½c; on Friday there were buyers at 100c: on Saturday it was recorded at 100c, and on Monday it receded to 100¾c.

Within the past week but little interest was taken in cash wheat, with the excention of Saturday, when a little life was infused into the market especially for the speculative month, May. A heavy visible supply, with absence of an export demand of any considerable quantity, is a weight that bars active business. So far as examination has been possible, the growing wheat has suffered but little by the severity of the Winter. With at least a fair crop of wheat in the prospective and an unusually large quantity in sight, there is but little in the situation to induce speculators for a rise to take hold freely. However there are operators who have fai h in higher prices, who have their opinions upon the basis of a small invisible supply, as well as upon the faith they have that there must spring up a better European demand. They claim that the consumption of wheat will be much larger than usual on account of its cheapness. According to the report of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, the wheat of 1883 remaining on hand is returned at 119,000,000 bushels, or 28 per cent of the crop. On the first of March, 1883, the quantity on hand aggregated 145,000,000 bushels. But the fact that there is not a good demand for the stuffs cannot be denied, and until there is a more rapid decrease than now, values cannot be placed much higher. It is not safe to predict an early active movement of wheat, as it will take something more than a home-consumptive demand to produce results looked for by certain grain men, and in Europe we have close competitors from different sections of the world, Corn during the week held up fairly well, the dealing being mostly in low grades.

At to-day's session of the Toledo Produce Exchange there was about the same amount of cash wheat placed upon the market as on yesterday, at steadily but fractionally lower prices.

Sales No. 2 Red Wheat to-day		7,000 bu
" " "	yesterday	6,000 bu

No 2 Red Wheat, soft Lake Shore, 104¼c, 1c decline; No 2 D & M, 104c; No 2 Red W